

AN
ADDRESS

TO THE 1509/1517
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
THE
BACHELORS
OF
GREAT-BRITAIN.

CONTAINING
An Examination of the several ARTICLES
of IMPEACHMENT, lately exhibited
against *Them*, by the LADIES.

Together with
Some Reflections on the *Modern Education*
of the FAIR SEX.

To which is added,
Pretty Miss's Catechism.

AND A
POEM on the *Pleasures of a Single Life*; or,
the *Miseries of Matrimony*.

By an OLD BACHELOR, *Æt.* 72.

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1735





A N
ADDRESS
TO THE
BACHELORS
OF
GREAT-BRITAIN.

May it please your Worships,

 IS a mighty strange Case, that, go where one will, Morning, Noon, or Night, we must have our Ears dinn'd with a most unmerciful Out-cry against the present State of *Celibacy*, and yet not a Soul dare to take up the Cudgels to defend it.—— Well, as secure as you may think yourselves, I can assure you, that the *Virgins* are setting on Foot a most malicious Prosecution against us, as appears

pears by their Orders and Resolutions, which I have had privately handed to me, and are making proper Application to his Majesty in the following most humble Address.

The Virgins most humble Address, &c.

Most gracious Sovereign,

WE your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal Subjects, the *Virgins of England* in Council assembled, beg leave most humbly to represent to your Majesty our present most unhappy Situation, praying timely Relief, and your Majesty's favourable Acceptance of this our most dutiful Address.

We are truly sensible, that nothing can contribute more, towards preserving the Welfare and Honour of this Nation, and indeed of all your Majesty's Dominions in general, than a strict Observance of the matrimonial Institution, which we are firmly resolved upon all Occasions to maintain, as we do verily believe ourselves in Duty bound.

But whereas, (notwithstanding these our pious Resolutions) upon a strict Examination of all the Parish-registers, throughout these your Majesty's *British* Dominions, for several Years last past, we have, with great Concern, observed, that Gentlemen of well-known Abilities, and Fortunes, have, for the most Part, been extreamly backward in entering into that most comfortable



‘ fortable State, (upon no Pretence whatsoever) to the great Detriment of your Majesty, as well as the Dissatisfaction of all your Majesty’s *unmarried* most dutiful *Female* Subjects.

• We the said *Females* in Council assembled, (*present the Oldest Maid in the Kingdom*) have hereupon unanimously agreed to most humbly petition your Majesty, to cause the above-said Gentlemen to be declared *Male-contents*, and to be, by Warrant under your Majesty’s sign Manual, brought *coram* to answer to these Articles exhibited against them by us, the said *Females*: Praying also, that they be obliged to shew Cause, why, for such their repeated Sights, and Neglect of *Fair Maidens*, they ought not to be circumcis’d upon Conviction; and afterwards be banished the Kingdom, if they persist in their ill Courses any longer, as most incorrigible useles Members of a well-governed State.

• The Confidence, we are well assured your Majesty places in our Fidelity and Affection, will always engage as well as encourage us to support your Majesty’s Government, and to make the most grateful Returns we are able, for the peaceable Enjoyment of all our Liberties and Privileges, and indeed of all that is valuable to Mankind, under your Majesty’s most indulgent and auspicious Reign.’

Their

*Their Resolutions and Orders.**Friday, May 30, 1735.*

Ordered, That this Petition be referr'd to the Consideration of a Committee, and by them be presented to his Majesty.

Resolved, That the said Committee consist of one and thirty proper Persons to represent us.

Ordered, That the *Sergeantess at Arms*, attending this House, do forthwith go with the Mace, to summon all the Members to attend the Service of this House on *Tuesday* next.

Ordered, That the Members of this House do, on *Tuesday* next at 12 o' Clock, prepare Lists to be put into Glasses of the one and thirty Persons chosen to be of the said Committee.

Ordered, That a Committee be appointed to examine the said Lists, and to report to the Council, upon which one and thirty Persons the Majority falls; that done, to leave the Lists on the Table.

Ordered, That the *Clerk*, and *Clerk Assistants* of this Council do, the same Day at two, receive from the Members the Lists of the Persons named to be of the said Committee, and summon them accordingly.

A Committee being appointed, they withdrew into Mrs. *Speaker's* Chamber.

Ha! ha! ha! a very masterly Stroke of the witty *Damoiselles* truly! Give me leave to tell the Ladies, by the by, that this Petticoat Proceeding is something more than we should have expected from them; and deserves, in my humble Opinion, a little severer Correction than that of the Pen.—— Believe me, Gentlemen have, to their Cost, been apprized of the many Inconveniencies, as well as Loss of Time, in idolizing our *Apple-eating Traitlesses*, and therefore are grown a little more wary how they *Phyllis* them, or diet too much on the scanty Fare of specious Innocence and Beauty:—— And because of this, it seems, the Women's *Backs* are up truly, and they pretty Creatures! are ready to burst with Resentment.

You see therefore, Gentlemen, 'tis high Time to stir our Stumps, *pro aris & focis*; for, if this same Project of their's should take Place, 'twill very probably give fresh Courage to their Attempts, (*for Women on the Fret will do any Thing*) and who knows what their next Design may be?—— Possibly, they'll grow so sturdy, as to petition the Seizure of our Estates and Persons; and then—— the Lord have Mercy upon us, in such a Medley of Destruction.—— Up, up, nor suffer so unchristian-like a Revenge to be exerted with that Poignancy and Vigour, we find it is, against our goodly Order.—

der.— In short, if you don't stomach such Usage a little, *Batchelorship*, with all its mysterious Rites, will quickly be burlesqu'd, and made as great a Jest of as *Free-Masonry*.— To see which, I say, and withal to reflect upon the sad Effects, which are very likely to follow such high-flown Proceedings, if not seasonably prevented, makes my very Blood curdle again in my Veins; and it cannot, surely, but fill the Minds of all the good *Batchelors*, his Majesty's true and loving Subjects, with the most dismal Apprehensions.

Aspide quid pejus? Tigris. Quid Tigride? Dæmon. Dæmone quid? Mulier. Quid Mulier? Nihil.

'Twould signify little for me to urge the Illegality of this studiously wicked Petticoat Contrivance, when, methinks, the sole Consideration of the irreparable Loss, *we Batchelors all* should sustain, if we once inadvertently gave up those inestimable Blessings, those dear, dear Privileges Nature design'd for us, and us alone, would be sufficient to awaken rational Creatures to a due Sense of their Danger; else——adieu! to all past Serenity and Scene of Joys unruffled; patiently must poor We, alas! submit to arbitrary Will and Power, and to the many mortifying Impertinencies of some positive Turmagant, forward enough to convince us, at all Times, with her pedantick Cant, of the Superiority of her Understanding, such very enthusiastick Supposition, of her better Capacity and Discernment, setting her Clack

a going with fresh Vigour, loud enough to drown the eloquent Bawl of the Lawyers at Westminster, after the long Vacation.

But, as 'tis not only our Duty, but Interest also, to crush this formidable Plot in its Birth, 'tis scarce to be questioned, but that all those, who profess any true Regard for the Honour, Welfare, or Merit of our *Right Worshipful Fraternity*, will, upon this Alarm, rally their Forces, and not suffer themselves to be hector'd out of their Principles by any Dagger-drawing Heroine whatsoever; and that they'll concert all proper Measures to avert this *Toilet-storm*, and bring the vanquish'd, blooming *Fair-ones*, with their Hands tied behind them in Triumph, to some convenient House of Penance, erected for that Purpose.

And now let's look a little, good Gentlemen, into the *Impeachment* itself. I'm really of Opinion, when once we unravel the Articles prefer'd against us, 'twill be no difficult Matter to unmask these pretended *Patriotesses*, and to prove their Measures quite impolitick; ay, and that it is a manifest Piece of Roguery too, calculated merely to get *Husbands* for the Projectors and their Confederates; tho' do but observe how artificially the Pill's gilt over with a Pretence of a true publick Spirit; and Oh! 'tis for the sake of their own, dear native Soil.

Is it so indeed? Pray, then attend to the

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main Scope of the Petition ;——*Nothing can contribute more to the Welfare and Honour of this Nation, &c. than a strict Observance of the matrimonial Institution.*——No ; that's very strange, indeed ! I, for my own Part, must freely confess, I shou'd be glad to know, what Benefit the *Ladies* have been of (for several Years past more particularly) to *Great-Britain*, or any other trading Nation ? ——Why, let me see ;——I'll tell you ;——they've hatch'd us a Parcel of very *Juno's*, Girls of a more roving Disposition, if possible, than themselves ; *à propos* ; and good *Mamma*, Thanks to her dextrous Management ! has ever taught *pretty Misses*, with the greatest Zeal, from their very Cradles, all the modish Varieties of Caprice and Gallantry. The Moderns, indeed, are pleas'd to stile this *un Air degagée* : For my own Part, I must be so precise, as to say, I think an Husband makes but a scurvy Figure, under the Discipline of their Chicanery.——O' my Conscience, he'd better be a Slave in the *Great Turk's* Seraglio.

As to their Education of that pretty, two-legg'd Creature, the *Man-child*, 'tis notorious, that the Indulgence of the doating Mother has prov'd the Bane of Thousands.——About eighteen, *Master* must commence Coxcomb, truly ; be full of Vanity, well stor'd with Assurance and Hypocrisy ;——but not a Dash of Religion. All his Employment is to murder whole Weeks at *Quadrille*, laugh, squeal, sing, and the like ; and then he is a Woman's Man compleat,
and

and has an infinite deal of Wit and Humour. If perchance he gets into good Company, why he's silent, and e'en gnaws off the Head of his long Stick.

Observe yon Noodle in his Element, viz. a side Box, monkey-like, and chatt'ring his Smut to the Orange Wenches. The Play half finish'd, away he sallies to the *Rummer*, and bids the Drawer fetch the Dutchess of ——. His Pocket's pickt by her Grace, and all the Ready gone: And now my Gentleman is forced to piddle with poor 50 Guineas (he has just before taken up at *Cent. per Cent.* Interest) at the *Groom-porter's*, in order to fill his Pockets, and make them Satisfaction for their Loss. ——— Poor Master has an ill Run, is fleec'd, and then to a drunken Vigil, to rid the pretty Fool of his Care, and all Qualms of Conscience. ——— His rakish Associates reeling homewards, he riots in the Streets the Remainder of the Night to prove his Valour, and, for the great Credit of beating the Watch, lies in the Round-house. If you attempt his Reformation, and reprove him for his Calentures, 's Death, he cries, would you banish him all civil Society? ——— Go to Church; —none of those Stipulations he requests of you. He swears, Cat scratch his Eyes, Sir, and, by his Virginity, 'tis making him perform Quarentine, like the Ships from the *Levant* in Case of a Plague. —Such Doctrine ill suits *un Gentil-homme d'eclat & des belles manieres*, to whom Religion is but a politick Law. His End is

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* A noted Courtezan.

(God forbid I should wish him an Hempen one) to die in a Jail, or, if tall, and lucky (as most Fools are) in Time he may come indeed to be advanced to the great Preferment of a Grenadier in his *Prussian Majesty's* Service, or to be an half-starv'd Bully to a Bawdy-house.

I must beg my Readers Pardon, if I have been prolix in this Character; for, as the first Signature commonly grows so firm and durable, that no Pains, no Application can erase it, 'tis but reasonable to remind the too fond Mothers of their misapply'd Goodnature; we are very often to thank them for all our Misfortunes. — Too much Indulgence fills the Mind with Pride, renders Youth impatient of Contradiction, and proves, in the End, the great Source of Corruption and Effeminacy; breeding in them, I could almost say, an Aversion to every Thing that is truly great and noble. How happy would it be for Youth, would Parents view every Imperfection with a prying Eye, clear from the Mists of Fondness!

So much for the Education of these incorrigible Coxcombs, great Numbers whereof we should be glad to export to any Country, that would be so good as to accept the Commodity; as Play-things, for Instance, to the *Brobdignagians*. — The *small Hopes* indeed we indulge so far, as to pack them off only to *Mambrino's* Boarding-school at *Buttersea*, expecting a Reformation; for whom, indeed,

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Gentlemen, most Folks ought heartily to pray, on Account of the singular Services she has done them.

What a melancholy Scene is it to a thinking Person, who has any Regard left for his Country's Welfare, to observe our Youth, thus train'd up to assume a Nature the very reverse of what becomes the Species? The natural Result of this Remissness of early Discipline is the utmost Licentiousness, a settled Impudence, and Contempt of their very Parents, and every one else.—— An Ulcer may soon be form'd in the Mind, but cannot so insensibly be cur'd.

*Quo semel est imbuta, recens servabit odorem
Testa diu.*———

The Body owes most of its Vigour to the Milk it receives in its Infancy. The shameless Negligence of Parents and Instructors, with the necessary Consequences, Corruption, and an universal Decay of Morality and Learning, gave the greatest Shock to the *Roman Empire*. When once the Study of Eloquence, and the Liberal Arts were hiss'd off the Stage, Luxury crept in amongst them, and the Mistress of the World insensibly lost her Prowess.

Old *Cato*, that good and grave Disciplinarian, like the Voice of an Oracle, pronounc'd *Rome* undone, if ever her Sons were infected with *Greek*; and I may venture to assert,

assert, without a Spirit of Prophecy, that the Many among us, who are ambitious only of appearing conspicuously at *Tea-table* Conversation, and make *Drawing-room* Politicks their favourite Study, will at long run prove no less unwelcome Sons to the *British* State.

You see now, what Use our fellow *female* Subjects have been of to us, for some Centuries past, I might say.—In the next Place, they tell us, that they are firmly resolved to maintain it, (*i. e.* the matrimonial Institution.) I shall beg leave to remark, that this their Resolution is no News at all ; for I do verily believe, from my Heart, no Soul ever scrupled to think so.

As indeed they are in Duty bound; i. e. in Point of F—— Duty—— Query now, whether I stated the Case injudiciously, when I calculated it merely to get Husbands?

After observing to us, that they have been at a World of Pains to search all the Parish Registers in the Kingdom, they are pleased to take notice, that Gentlemen of well-known Abilities, &c. decline marrying.—How Ladies can guess at these same Gentlemen's Abilities so well, is not my Province to determine ; I shall only say, that I believe never was that Man yet that clapp'd a T—d piping hot on his Head.

Have, for the most Part, been extreamly backward in entring into that most comfortable State. Ay, — for my Part, I wonder

der they have not all; and as to its being stil'd a comfortable State, I shall be very ready to agree with them in this Point, when they can produce a married Man to call it such, without belying his Conscience.

(*Upon no Pretence whatsoever.*) This they take for granted, I find; but you'll soon be enabled to answer the Objection, and indeed my very first Remark seems to me sufficiently to disprove their Allegation.

To the great Detriment of his Majesty, as well as to the Dissatisfaction of all his most dutiful unmarried female Subjects. — This latter Part seems to be express'd with great Earnestness; but the former, upon an exact Scrutiny, may, as I'm inform'd, be shewn to be a very erroneous Position. For first, it has been surmis'd by some among you, Gentlemen, I understand, that the fewer legal Children a Man has to maintain, the better able is he to pay the King's Taxes; and, if this be true, (which I shan't take upon me to dispute) I'm of Opinion, that if the *Beggars*, that made such a Clamour at the Lobby Door against the late Excise-bill (of glorious and immortal Memory!) had only a few chance Brats to bring up, they had never made such a Bustle about it. — Ten Pounds for each to the Parish Officers would (it may be suppos'd) have hush'd Matters; and all the World can testify how much that Bill would have retrench'd the Liberty of the Subject,

Subject, tho' it augmented the Revenue of the Crown.

In the second Place, though I give you my Word for it, I'm no Advocate for Debauchery ; yet, I must needs own, I think myself in Duty bound to befriend the *very Worshipful the Apothecaries Company* as much as may be, for their many repeated Services to my own dear self. —

Ay, ay, cry my fair Antagonists, Sir *Simon*, have we caught you tripping? —

No Wonder, i' Faith, that this Batchelor rails thus at the Sex, then. — Well, well, laugh you as long as you will ; but I do tell you, upon my honest Word, (which, perhaps you'll cry, is not worth three Farthings) that a most learned * Limb of that Class did assure me, but the other Day, that the Merchants paid 30 per Cent. or thereabouts for the Importation of Medicines ; and if so, the Apothecaries must charge for their Drugs, &c. accordingly : And would you now, you unmerciful Creatures, go to half starve them, (when you know the only good Business, that is stirring amongst them, is the P——) and defraud his Majesty of the Duties? — Most dutiful Subjects truly !

It may indeed be urg'd against me, that Matrimony was intended, as a Remedy against Fornication. I answer ; the Virtuous stand in no Need of Opiates to allay the puissant Sallies of their Passions ; and as to the
vicious

* The celebrated Mr. B. *Par-a-se*.

vicious Part of Mankind, tho' they draw themselves into ever such inextricable Difficulties, yet still they will follow the Dictates of Nature.— Call it, if you please, a Law of Nature, confirm'd by the Law of God; it proves it legal, most certainly; but will any Man be Zealot enough to insist 'tis enjoin'd us? — If not, we may surely decline it.

They the said Females in Council assembled.— This was a mere Mock council; but how merry is it for a Parcel of Girls to consult about Affairs of State? — Do but conceive them talking all at once *à la Sottise accoutumée*, and out-cackling the largest Drove of Geese, and if it don't cure the Hip, I'll be hang'd for it.

Present the oldest Maid in the Kingdom. — I dare say this same old Maid will inform you, that 'tis impossible a Maid can grow old; and therefore you must be reprimanded for such *Innuendo*. 'Twas doubtless inserted in the Petition against her Consent.

Have hereupon unanimously agreed. — I never in my Life before heard, that a Company of Women did so; and had not this been a particular Case, wherein their Interests were jointly concern'd, I should have taken it for an Impossibility; and, as it now fell out, indeed, it was a Prodigy.

To most humbly petition his Majesty. — Humility is quite contrary to their very Na-

tures, and, had not they been afraid, they might have lost their Point by it, 'tis no doubt but they would have peremptorily insisted on it.

To cause the abovesaid Gentlemen to be declared Male-contents. — This last Word admits of a double *Entendre*. — I've already proved, that Batchelorship much encreases his Majesty's Revenue, and consequently all those, who continue in such State, may justly be deem'd his Majesty's true and loyal Subjects; and, 'tis plain, they are no *leaky Vessels*, for the Ladies just before proclaim'd their well-known Abilities. I suppose, they understood their solid Contents.

And to be by Warrant under his Majesty's sign Manual, brought coram, to answer to certain Articles exhibited against them by us the said Females. — Possibly, they may have a Rod in P—s for us; as yet the only Thing alledg'd is, that we object against entering the Lists of Matrimony, and I'm sure we have reason enough for it.

Praying also, that they may be obliged to shew Cause, why for such their repeated Slight, &c. they ought not to be circumcis'd upon Conviction. — As to Circumcision, it avail'd nothing, when the Christian Dispensation took Place, and so I suppose the fair Maidens meant Baptism; but as the sole Pretence for re-baptizing was Heresy, and we disclaim it, I can see no Need for it.

And

And then be banished the Kingdom, if they resist the Flesh any longer.——'Twill be hard indeed to punish us for what our God-fathers and God-mothers promised for us.—The Ladies, I find, have not as yet read the Church-Catechism.—Fie upon them.

As most incorrigible, useless Members of a well-govern'd State.——This Article has been disprov'd often enough already.——And now ——

Dear Brethren Batchelors,

Pray, what high Crimes and Misdemeanours have these *Damoiselles de manège* (as they call themselves) been able to make out, tho' they loaded us with Crimes almost heavy enough to make a *Supercargo's* Conscience recoil again? Depend on't, a Vagary entered their Pericraniums, to shew the World how artfully they could draw up an Impeachment. If so, we may agree, they are most profound Adepts in the Law, and ought, as their President has long ago been, to be created *Serjeanteesses*.

What remains for us to do, is to say something in Behalf of ourselves, and a single Life; and I doubt not, we shall easily refute their Scandal; but before I proceed any farther, I shall, as I promis'd you, present you with a Transcript of a certain pretty Miss's Catechism, which (she unluckily dropping it, at a Game of Roms) was privately sent me, by an unknown Hand; and the Favour I here gratefully acknowledge.



T H E

MISS'S CATECHISM.

Q.



HO are you?

A. A Lady fair of nineteen.

Q. 'Tis pretty difficult to understand what that is; and therefore explain yourself a little.

A. No very keeping Ware, I promise you;—our Constitution won't permit it. *Encrease and multiply* we hold to be as good a Maxim here, as they do in *Turkey*; and it's a very orthodox Tenet among us too, as well as in *Spain*, to take Opportunity by the Forelock; for, spite of all our Magick, there's no Trifling. Time ne'er forgets to turn his Glass, and we are, at most, but Idols of a Day or two. There is no housewifery, what little Nature bestow'd on us, very long; and 'tis strange Anarchy of Fancy, methinks, to pretend to be quite adamant, and affect I know not what false Delicacy, when once our petty Empire is at an End. 'Tis too late then to stand criticising;
Stale

Stale Maids and Sinking Fish is, you know, a Saying never a whit the less true, because of its Antiquity. We must e'en after that be content to wear our Livery, be it what it will ; there's no travelling *incog.* depend on't. Mangre all our Coz'nage and Affiduity, we shall find ourselves (as great Penance as it may be) the trite Subject of every impertinent Libertine's Ridicule. — Pity there's no Youth-restoring *Nostrum* in the Shops ; but alas ! even that most renowned Pill-giving Quack of *Pall-mall* (as sagacious a Son of *Pæan*, as he presumes he is) would, in this Case, I very much fear, find his *Recipe* of as little Service, as 'twould be to make *France* fight for the Liberties of *Europe*. At 16 we commence thinking, at 17 love, at 18 whine, and at 19, if we can get the Man in the Mood, (which, by the by, is a most difficult Task) we e'en cry, Adieu, *Daddy*, (if he be a Spoke in our Wheel) and go off with our Spark ; even, rather than fail, a *Poet* will go down with us ; for, were we once to pass our Prime, we should run a very great Risque of taking up with some paltry, puritannical, antique, undeserving Caitiff of a most forbidding Physiognomy.

Q. A very strange Sample of the Men's Good-breeding this ! Is it not a most glaring Abuse of the Blessings of Providence, who, out of his Bounty, gave us as *Help-meets* for them ?

A. No Scruple to be made of it ; but that's not much their Concern. They cry, we are the most unintelligible Part of the whole System. — When an Ass climbs a Ladder,

Ladder, you may find Wisdom in us, and all that ; tho' I think we may retort it upon them ; for wise Men are like Timber-trees in an Hedge, only here and there one. We are Contradictions, truly, — Prudes, — Coquets, — very Copies of old Mother *Eve*, who was as bad as the Serpent could make her ; for she was form'd, say they, but at six in the Morning, eat the Apple by nine, and brought a Curse upon her Husband, and all his Posterity, before Night. — As to our being design'd as Blessings to them, the ungracious Wretches fly in our Faces, and flatly deny it, swaggering and swearing they ate ready to prove, from several old MSS, they have consulted upon the Point, that it is all a meer Interpolation ; tho', I believe, they can no more justify their Position, than the *Spaniards* their Depredations on our Merchant-men. — 'Tis even Treason to name a Woman to them, and they are more alarm'd at it, than a raw, young Soldier in his first Campaign, when he is ready to swoon at the Sight of a Sword or Pistol. — They vow, we exceed the *Banbury* Tinkers, who are famous for mending one Hole, and making three. — If a young Fellow gives them but an Handle to suspect the least Grain of Love in his *Pericranium*, a Commission of Lunacy, Bankruptcy, and what not, issues presently out against him. All the *Pope's* Anathema's, against the Person who lately pilfer'd his Medals, weigh light to the Measures they take in this Case. 'Tis incredible too, how very ready all younger Brothers are upon these

these Occasions; a Room in *Bedlam* is ordered, or an Elegy bespoke of the Bell-man in a trice.

Q. But why all this Rancour against us, poor harmless Creatures! who deserve it not?

A. Oh! the Case is plain. They make it one of the earliest Rudiments of infant Knowledge, that Women are never to stir from home but three Times in their whole Lives, *i. e.* when they are christen'd, married, buried. — The *Turkish* Discipline boasts, indeed, a sort of unconfin'd Authority, which makes their Wives, poor, patient Turtles! fawn like Spaniels upon their insulting Yoke-mates. But our *European* Ladies are entire Strangers to all this pretended arbitrary Power. — It's a meer Paradox to them. — I suppose the Difference of their Complexions may be a good deal owing to the Climates; the various Influences of hot and cold unquestionably producing various Effects upon the Geniuses of the Natives. — They have not in *Turky* the smallest Part in domestick Affairs, but are shut up in long Apartments, like our Hospitals, guarded too by a Number of industrious Eunuchs, and quite excluded from the Society of Men above 10 Years old. The Reason given for all this is, that, truly, they are not able to resist the smallest Temptation any favourable Opportunity offers them. Now, I fancy, the Vice of Incontinency is no more hereditary to them, than other People, and therefore can solve it into nothing but their unnatural Confinement. — No publick Meetings at Park, Ball, Ring,

Ring, Theatre, &c. or any other honourable Liberties are tolerated there, but all are grave, reserv'd, and solitary. Thus, I imagine, our Wiseacres would padlock us, if they could; but I can't much praise their Policy, should they attempt it, for it's a good old Proverb, worth their Remembrance too, that *Wit without Wisdom cuts other Men's Meat, and its own Fingers.*— Gravity, Circumspection, and Severity of Manners, are Talents not at all compatible with Good-breeding in this Part of the World. 'Tis certainly against all Chronology for us to be 50. Our Spouses Condescension we regard as our undoubted Privilege in *Great-Britain*; and, I doubt not, some old Records or other would shew it, but that they have burnt, or some how made away with them, the better to screen their own ungodly Negotiations. 'Tis quite out of Fashion here to stand obliging an easy Fool of an Husband; instead of mending on their Kindness, we insult them the more; and, you may depend on't, the Reason of all their nonsensical Libels is, because we won't, truly, suffer them to encroach on our Rights and Privileges acknowledged, due, and accustomed from Time immemorial; but we are not to be intimidated by their blust'ring Menaces, let them fancy what they please.

Q. But is their no natural Reason assignable for their passive Obedience?

A. Yes sure, a very good one.—— We claim our *Wills* while we live, because we make none when we die.——Husbands, 'tis true, won't allow this to be any Argument; they

they are for ever informing us what we should, and should not do, and reading Lectures on the Duty of a Wife; but they are quite out in their Politicks, if they believe we are such poor, half-sighted Ninny-hammers, to stand staring with a blushing Ignorance, amaz'd, and quite confounded with their monitory Lessons. They'll generally find an Orange, thus hard squeez'd, yields bitter Juice.

Q. But does not the Scripture, in positive Terms, assert the *Husband the Head of the Wife*?

A. As the Men are so very ready to recur to any Help at a dead Lift, what if we, in our Turn, tip Interpolation upon them here?—However, it may possibly be a wrong Translation, or the Passage misinterpreted, and, were we learn'd enough in *Greek* and *Hebrew* to read the Original, I don't in the least doubt, but we should find something of this in the Case. Besides, whether the Command be universal, or no, may be a Query; I am not of Opinion it extends thus far North; so that several Things ought here to be made out, and that very clearly too, e'er they pretend to take it for granted, that the Women were not fram'd for Government. If we consult the Legends of Antiquity, we shall, for the most part, find the Husband, looking as tho' he suck'd his Dam through an Hurdle: And I'm sure the Voice of Nature proclaims no such Superiorty. Were an Angel therefore to bid me resign my Privileges,

leges, I should question the Validity of his Commission.

Q. This is shewing a due Reverence for our Liberties, and a true *British* female Spirit. Let me hear thee now rehearse the Articles of thy Creed.

A. First then, I do believe, I came into the World by Mamma's Means, but not that I am one Jot obliged to her; because, what she did was to tickle her own Fancy, and the Law forces *Madam* to maintain me.

In the next Place, I do hereby acknowledge myself bound (not in Duty tho') to mind whatsoever she bids me, as also to obey that old Huncks, *Jack pay for all*, my suppos'd Father; but for this very Reason only, that should I say nay, they'd force me to wear these scurvy Two-months-out-of-fashion Silks for half a Year longer, to my very great Mortification.

But I must freely confess, that could I, without Controul, claim the little Empire of assigning my Resolution for my Reason, born, as no doubt I was, for my own sovereign Self, I would attempt to make the very Universe obey; and do believe, that, by the kind Assistance of a substantial Tongue, I may, in Process of Time, be enabled to rantipole louder, than the *Clare-market Orator*, at such as dare contradict my Will.

And lastly, as for my Husband, that I shall hereafter condescend to bubble, I do verily believe he ought not to have the least Superiority over me; and therefore am determined, that tho' Quadrille be my Religion,

ligion, and Cuckoldom ev'ry Sabbath's Meditation; tho' I ruin him in Plays, Masquerades, Fashions, House-keeping, &c. tho' I should even accept of my very Butler as a Coadjutor to him,—— he shall be mum.

These are the Articles of my Creed, which I love, and will adhere to, to my dying Day.

Q. Have you any other Principles to steer by?

A. I act just as I've a Fancy, right or wrong, upon the Strength of my Beauty; follow all the new Fashions, be they never so ridiculous; starve myself and Family, to maintain that Echo of Virility, *Farinelli*; devote myself entirely to Pride, Pleasure, and Extravagance; pray as often as a Lord pays his Debts; frequent the Theatre, &c. more than the Church; and laugh at every Body, that go thither for their Devotions, knowing it to be all Hypocrisy.—— 'Tis as natural for me to do all this, as for a Peacock to spread its Tail.

Q. Whenever then you do vouchsafe to attend the Church-service, it's only, I presume, by way of Amusement.

A. On Purpose to see other Folks Finery, and to shew my own: To make an Assignment cross a dozen Pews, to some whining Beaux, and to stare the Devout out of Countenance; display a naked Arm, or so; then peep thro' my Fan-sticks, to watch the young Fellows Eyes, and at the End of each Collect, in a seemingly humble, but audible Tone, cry, *Amen*, &c.

Q. But ought you not to listen to the Preacher with all Reverence? Did not your Godfather and Godmothers promise to enjoin you this?

A. No, o' my Conscience, I see no Necessity for it; *Sir Reverence* would very often preach me into a Lethargy; and as to the Gossips at my Christ'ning, they never troubled their Heads about me afterwards; and if they had, indeed, I should not at all think myself obliged to do it; for, according to the very best Accounts I ever heard of them, they seem to me to have been three very ridiculous old Fools.

Q. 'Tis your Duty to retire into your Closet Morning and Evening to say your Prayers; do you not punctually observe this Injunction?

A. Yes, verily; in the Morning to pray for fine Cloaths and *Brussel's* Heads; at Night for an Husband.

Q. Very right; but however, you know there is a World to come, should you not often consider of it?

A. No, not at all; because such Reflections are apt to give the Vapours; and Ladies ought never to molest themselves with any Thing serious, but only build their Faith on what an humourous Fancy suggests.

Q. True; but are Ladies then of no particular Religion?

A. No, indeed; for, at that Rate, we should be the most unfashionable Creatures breathing.——Variety makes ev'ry Thing agreeable; and so for one half Hour, it may be, we assume the Christian, at other Times

Times are *Pagans, Jews, Mahometans*, or whatever best suits with our Conveniency.

Q. But what are those Principles, which, if adhered to, will make a Lady's Life agreeable?

A. To pamper herself, her Monkey, or Lap-dog; to rail at and ridicule her Neighbours; to regard no Body; but to cozen and defraud the Poor, and to quit Scores with the Rich at the Expence of a neglected Husband's Reputation.—— To lie in Bed till Noon, and to chase away the Night at dear Quadrille.

Thus may each well-season'd Fair make shift to kill the tedious Hours; till, the irksome Span of Life out-run, she modestly commends herself with plenteous Tears to Heaven, in a well-lacquer'd Face, and a Froekin,

Here, I think, then is pass'd the Probe home, and, in a small Compass, represented to you the modern Education of the *pretty Misses* in a most impartial Light; and he must be a poor, hungry, half-starv'd Lover surely, that will dare to sacrifice his Liberty to a short-lived Gratification of his Senses; and be for ever manacled to the dull, insipid Arms of a clamorous, haughty, ill-natur'd, thoughtless *Noncon* Woman, toss'd and driven like a Vessel in a Storm, without a Pilot, by every Tide of her Passions.

Our modish *She Cavaliers*, I can't presume to deny it, count these very excellent Qualifications a most extraordinary Encourage-

couragement for coupling, and wonder we Men should turn tail. There is no Mystery in Religion, of such Difficulty and Importance as this is, cries a certain famous Female Casuist. The very Term *Celibacy* is a rough, choaking *Guttural*, fit only to gargle the Throat of an Highlander, says another. *Brillante*, peerless Maid! swells her whole Frame into a most enormous Size at the naming a *Batchelor*, and, with all her Muscles cocked and primed, exclaims against them with the most malignant Energy of *Narration*, expanding her Mouth wide, as if she would snap one up like a Radish, and sighing with Envy, as a Citizen does at the Smell of a new Hay-cock. In my Opinion, now, this Lady wants muzzling. — Another quaintly cries, *You Batchelors want couching surely!* For she had much rather, she tells you, (pretending great Modesty and Caution, with a thousand Affeversions, and not without a few preternatural Flushings) impute it to some Defect or other in the Opticks, than believe we want stimulating; and thinks 'tis so plain a Case, that no Spots were ever more significant in a purple Fever. Well! the Eye will have its *Quota* of Disorders, 'tis to be hop'd, e'er long. Here's fresh Matter for our celebrated *English Oculist* to work on; and I make no Question, but every Quack will be prescribing his *Nostrum*, with a pompous Account of the despotic Sovereignty of the Medicine, in all the Daily Papers. They have many other Regiments of Solutions, drawn up Rank and File, which are too tedious here

here to mention ; some have, to approve themselves in the Science, even inspected our Urine, as several Chamber-maids (with in the Bills of Mortality, more especially) are ready to depose upon Oath ; others, in Hopes of having the Secret communicated to them, have been heathenish enough to sacrifice to *Venus Genetrix* ; and one poor Fellow they condemn'd to *Lithotomy*. —

A thousand other such idle Fancies have enter'd their *Pericraniums*, and therefore, methinks, it's a great Pity, there's no *Mind-Midwife*, to deliver my good Country-women of these mental Pregnancies ; — She might drive as fast as she would into Practice.

From what has been said, it's plain I ought not to be sued for Defamation, should I say, that *Matrimony* is the very first Thought that enters a Lady's Head, and the last that gets out of it. 'Tis agreed on all Hands, that my fair Country-women never think themselves completely happy, till they gain each a Monopoly of Lovers, or an Husband, whom they look upon as contrived merely for their Diversion, and use them as Children do their Bawbles. — But, be that as it will, sued or not, I cannot for my own Part, I own, think any of the foregoing Schemes will in the least tend to discover the Cause, or Seat of the Malady. It quite passes my Conception, what Business the far-fam'd *Ophthalmic Doctor* can have to do in the Case. As great a Son of *Pæan* as he is, I can't see what Success he can promise himself,

himself, (no Detraction to his Skill) should he, when applied to, undertake us. As to their turning *Piss-prophets*, (and no doubt they criticize on *Oràure* too;—Pity they don't publish their *Observations*) I confess, I can't help smiling at a Fancy so uncommon and fundamentally low. Your cool, sagacious Heads generally cry up, *Medio tutissimus*; but this Scheme is several Fathoms below it. A Painter of Genius and Humour might draw a good Picture enough of them in Consultation; and this Proceeding of their's may furnish us out a little Mirth o'er a Bottle, or so; but, I fear, won't greatly tend to the Advancement of medicinal Knowledge. I am not of Opinion *Diureticks* would be material here, or that assisting *our Worships Abdomens*, whether by Clysters or otherwise, would do any Service. I never saw their *Vade-mecum* indeed, but I am told it is as beneficial to the Commonwealth, as Dr. SALMON's *Dispensatory* was allowed to be; nor do I know any Thing of their *Modus Præscribendi*; but my Mind strangely mis-gives me, if *Galen* and *Hippocrates* indict them not for Empiricks in the next World! The famous Pill (if in any Case) is good here, I fancy; as 'tis an *Universal Remedy*, 'tis doubtless *Antimaniac*; and I think they should be obliged to take it, and then, if it fails of the desired Success, proper Measures should be thought on, by the civil Power, to confine them, e'er they contribute to people the lower Regions with their Pharmacy.—Two Quacks in a Century are enough in Conscience.

But

But I would gladly know, to what End is all this Caprice, this making Mountains of Mole-hills? What Necessity for all their microscopical *Chamber-pot*, and *Close stool* Animadversions; their *Hog* and *Dog-nostics*, as they call them; their *Arcana*, and the L—d knows what? The Case is plain enough without trespassing on the Province of the Physicians, surely; but they love to project a Parcel of (I know not what) idle Schemes, even how to eat their Meals, and drink Tea. I'm inform'd there's a particular Ceremony the Women make use of, when they go to sh—t; and that a certain languid Lady, of inflexible Composure in her Physiognomy, always travels to the Vault in her Coach and four.

A natural Vivacity, spotless Deportment, and unaffected Modesty, free from all the peevish, suspicious Formalities of the Prude, are the most distinguishing Ornaments of the female Sex, and equally as conducive to their Advantages, as productive of our warmest Wishes and Esteem. — They even whiten to our very View, and, amiably triumphant o'er the mythologick Sense of *Wealth and Fortunes*, dare and defy us not to kneel to Love. Such, such were the rich Qualifications of a *Roman Matron*; — even the slightest Surmise was of the most dangerous Consequence, and *Cæsar's Wife*, if but suspected, would have been arraigned, found guilty, been condemn'd, have suffer'd.

And here presents herself to view, and smiles in beauteous Agony, the dear *Roman Heroine Lucrece*. — Oh! happy, unhap-

py *Collatinus*, in the same Instant, blest and curst with the luxuriant Virtues of thy Wife! — Vile! degenerate! I know not what to call thee, *Tarquin*, Ravisher, that robb'd'st her of her Life, her Honour!

One Instance more. — How gracefully, how affectionately did the pleas'd *Arria* drag the reeking Dagger from her Side, and smiling swim in Death! — Nobly woven in her Husband's Fate, think how she faints, she falls! — Down by her Side sinks the thrice happy *Pætus*, and in gentle Strife both flutter'd into Eternity, bathing in one common Crimson Stream!

Was thus the Welfare of both Parties virtually included in each other's, little would there have needed the famous *Jus trium Liberorum*, in Honour of a married State, or those many Discouragements annexed to Celibacy. — But even in those early Times, may we meet with the several Degrees of your mere Wives, Body-buffs, &c. (so venerably ancient are they) and where then must we expect your *Arria*, your *Lucretia*, now?

Were the Women as little, as they are good,

A Pease-cod would buy them a Gown and a Hood.

For my own Part, I've often imagined, that Dame Nature, over benign to some very few, exhausted her whole Store upon them; resolving, in Pity to Mankind, that since the too generous Husband ever joyfully (nay, and I might say with Pride,) resign'd his Breath, in requital to the endearing Object of his Wishes, who made Perdition sweet; he should

should thereafter be the better diverted, from such a zealous Piece of Madness, by the many Fripperies and fantastick Scapes the Sex have, ever since those *Halcyon* Days, been addicted to; and this may possibly be assigned as a Reason, why the *Billinggate* Shrew is at present as easy and eligible a Consort as most of our Caustick Wives.

A bad Excuse is better than none at all; and, I don't doubt, but my Country-women will be ready enough to snap at any Thing to vindicate their Imperfections. But here I must beg leave to observe, that this Conjecture, by the by, was no ways design'd to eclipse their Failings; and would at best prove but a lame Apology for the modern Reign of Gallantry and Indiscretion; since how much soever we should grant Nature to have degenerated from the wonted Equality of her Distributions, yet the most fenny, barren Soil might be so far improved by proper Care and Culture, as to yield even a Wilderness of Sweets, and all the flowing Odours of *Cassia*, *Nard*, and *Balm*.

But here they'll again take shelter, and tell us, that during their infant State, when the Mind is most ductile and capable of Impression, they were wholly consign'd over to the very beneficial Management and Care of a conniving *Mam* or *Auntee*, whose Passions were perhaps in a continual Jar with, and for the most Part over-rul'd, their Reason; and that all their Slips and Unreservedness we now, perhaps too justly, complain of, are the unhappy Results of Prejudice and Education. — If their Go-

verness *Lyce*, who carries *Memento mori* in her most autumnal Physiognomy, must needs use the famous, beautifying, *du Savon* Liquids, with a thousand other Doctor's Cosmeticks, and personate a raw, undistinguishing, giddy Girl of fifteen, the Sanctity of her Doctrine will doubtless be agreeable to the Severity of her Sentiments; and thus, being not sufficiently fenced against the too inviting Excursions and unseasonable Liberties of a perverse, degenerate Age, 'tis no Wonder, that the poor thoughtless Minions become, as 'twere, necessitated ever after to walk in the Trammels of Folly, Wantonness and Intrigue.

Observe now, *Bachelors all*, how very ready these same Upstarts are to fly to any Thing for Sanction; and why should we then scruple to think, that if they should ever happen to tip their Husbands a Pair of Horns, or so, they would not tell them they might have watch'd their Waters better. ——— Hold, hold, *dear pretty Misses*, fair and softly goes far. ——— True, your over and above good-natur'd Superintendant may have been in Fault, and I blush to think that great Part of the Blame may be justly enough shifted off upon her, for not contributing more to the Reformation of your Manners, instead of learning you to build Paper Towns and Houses. ——— And may this Censure of your's caution them all, against grudging you their Frowns and Menaces for the future; and lay them under an indispensable Obligation to exert the Authority delegated to them upon all proper Occa-

Occasions; a little more at least than of late they've been prevail'd upon to do. — But, by the by, flying in their Faces will never salve the Sore; you, you yourselves, have been too blame.

However, since you seem to lay such mighty Stress on the latter Part of your Argument, pray let's e'en sift it a little; ' You are not fenced, say you, sufficiently against the many inviting Excursions, &c. of a perverse, degenerate Age, and so, poor Minions, become as 'twere necessitated to be Fools. ' — This is stepping forth, you say, to do Justice to yourselves, forth. — Wise and wonderful! And is not this publickly defending universal Anarchy and Confusion? — Fie, fie; Example, we all grant, is a living Law, and, cry you, the Age is degenerate, learn then by other's Mistakes to correct, not palliate, your own.

Experience teaches us, how the more judicious Part of Mankind, by their own Industry and Application, have subtilized and refined a very gew-gaw Education. — Look now but inwardly a while, and I dare promise you'll all readily enough agree, that, in Respect of your Intellects, you are at least on the same Level with ourselves; nay, if I am not much mistaken, I have before now heard some of you contend for a Superiority in the Accomplishments, as well of your Minds as Persons; and why, if this be true, should you chuse to eclipse the Radiancy of your Talents with a fictitious Lustre, rather than satisfy Mankind with a generous Emanation of your natural Genius and Perfections?

tions? ——— This very Article will, I fear, more than counter-balance the Merits of your Cause.

Should I pretend to carp at ev'ry single Peccadillo, (as the complaisant *Beau monde* are pleas'd to term the Sex's greatest Foibles) I very much question, if I should have done writing till Doomsday; and that to no great Purpose neither, since they would be full as constant to them as the Needle to the North-Pole. ——— Besides, for ought I know, such an Undertaking might occasion a general Dearth of Christian Ink and Paper to the no small Mortification of the *Would-be-wits*, &c. who would presently desire the Favour of me to bring my Scroll into a more reasonable Compass; and, *with a Murrain on me*, to consider a little the Birth-right and *Splendida Bilis* of both my learned and unlearned Brethren of the Quill.

I shall therefore dismiss my female Antagonists with the following seasonable Admonition, that if to get a good Husband be the leading Passion of every *British* fair one, nothing will obstruct the desired End so much as their present ill-judg'd Liberties, or an unwary Game at Romps; which, tho' they possibly may tickle the *pretty Fancies* of some finical, puny-fac'd, prowling *Beau*, or *poetical Haberdasher*, will at the last bring no other Grist than a deal of Powder, a few Toys from *Helicon*, a Draught of the Fountain *Hippocrene*, or a Jointure in *Par-nassus*; and are quite different Considerations, than usually take Place, with a Man of Sense, in the Choice of a Wife.

My

My next Design is, to speak something in Behalf of ourselves, and a single Life; and tho' from what has been already said, one might reasonably enough conclude you are in no very uxorious Cue, yet, I can promise you, 'twill not be amiss to prevent a hot Fit, or so, by taking the following sovereign *Antimatrimonial* Cathartic, made up of a few Considerations on the Disadvantages of Wedlock. ——— It will, I believe, perfectly eradicate all the dreadful Effects of a pretty Face, glance of an Eye, or Bride-cake; is easy in its Operation; keeps the Body cool and temperate, and presently rectifies the vitiated Blood and Juices, with all the concomitant Palpitations of the Heart, by destroying them Root and Branch, as thousands in the most deplorable Circumstances have experienced to their unspeakable Comfort and Satisfaction.

℞ Then, when cool upon your Pillow, a Consideration on the Weakness of Women's Natures, ' which (says a good, tho' anonymous Author) being attended with ' over-much Heat and Humidity, makes ' them in general more inclinable to Vice, ' than the Men, that nobler and more substantial Part of the Creation.' And if this be the Case, as there is little or no Reason to doubt it is, if there is a Depravity in their very Constitutions (which, I have already shewn you, has been well improved by Education) Youth and Beauty can never suffice for the Want of Sobriety and Virtue, nor guard us against the almost perpetual Hurricane of their Passions.

From

From such their *Amazonian* Composition, I suppose it is, that every Day, I had almost said every Hour, every Moment affords us incontestable Proofs, how that the most implacable Enmity and Inquietudes betwixt Husband and Wife proceed, for the most part, from the slightest Surmises, and Things of the veriest trifling Signification; as, whether two Two-penny Cakes are not better than a Groat Cheese-cake; or boil'd Cock and Bacon as fashionable a Dish on *Shrove-Tuesday*, as Chine and Turkey at *Christmas*. A certain fat, fresh-colour'd Lady of my Acquaintance threw a Bowl of an ill-scented Liquor of her own making at her Husband's Head, for not approving the Price and Colour of her Damask, and insisting 'twas of no Edification to him to know, by what particular, odd Accident she was so happy as to light of it; or to be told the Difference between cheap'ning Silks on *Ludgate-Hill*, and *Covent-Garden*: And *Snubsy* proclaim'd downright War with her's, for ridiculing her pretended great Erudition in *Coffee-grounds*. Thus, you see, the least Contradiction (which should rather awaken their Attention than Passion) makes them fall out, all at random, into the utmost Indignation.

————— *They catch it quick,*
As Stubble does the Flame. —————

Now both can never wear the Breeches, that's certain; and, should we even suppose the Man (for 'tis not impossible but he might) and

and each one has his peculiar Faults and Fancies) to have been guilty of some Inadvertency, nay, of the greatest Follies or Debauchery; yet 'tis an old Saying, *That the Joy of Jerusalem depends on the Peace of Sion*; and Obstinacy is but provocative of itself, whereas an obliging Condescension to the present Hurry of his Soul, and a judicious avoiding of Contest, would prove a greater Restorative of conjugal Affection, and sooner dispel the gathering Cloud, than the most fashionable Shield; (a Joint-stool, for Instance) or high Words and Rhodomontade. The most hardy and rugged Dispositions are frequently new-moulded by the soft Airs of Address, and the engaging Methods of Persuasion and Kindness. A few well-tim'd Endearments would incapacitate him to take Occasions of Offence, to ever act contrary to the Principles of his Reason and Duty; but a wealthy Fund of Ill Nature, and a termagant, over-bearing Tongue; just the reverse of *Venus's* quilted Cestus, prove more fatal in their Transformations, than a *Circæan* Draught.

The spy-fault Season is before that irreversible Decree, the bridal Tie; and none should afterwards, in Penitence or Pity, dare to divulge the sacred *Bitter*, or the *Sweet*; — yet, look we but different Ways, on every Side may we view two captive Bodies in one wretched Link; — the genial Bed, a more deadly Mischief, than *Deianira's* poisonous Revenge, and even burning with Extremity of Coldness. —

Thus is the kind, heavenly Lenitive for

Discontent rendred inefficacious, by an eternal Round of strong Antipathy and Woe.

Oft may we hear the Conduct of the most affable, best-bred Man alive, our Friend or Acquaintance, called in Question, and sullied by his re-echoing, *Æolistical* Harradan. She alone takes Umbrage at his Proceedings. — To her he is quite otherwise, tho' a well-known, poor, submissive Slave, so very crouch'd and brow-beaten, so exquisitely sensible of Restraint, that he must, if commanded to rock the Cradle, and sing *Lullaby*, not even dare to look negatively; and yet so irreclaimable, forsooth, and savage to that sweet *supplemental* Self of his, that no good Offices can oblige him; — A very Midnight Brute, regardful of nothing but the loose Scapes of Passion, Wine, Dice and Harlots.

Philander, if I may so say, seems really to have degenerated from himself, grows quite sottish, and, from a Briskness of Temper and Conversation, is become sullen and inconstant; shews not so much as a faint Resemblance of his pristine Zeal for the once favourite Goddess of his Affections; nor is any Place so nauseous to him as his Home. He lives as tho' he were her Neighbour only, will have nothing in common with her, and seems perfectly unacquainted with her very Name. — In short, you would take him to be no ways interested in the Family, and that he had actually forgot he had ever taken *Roxana* to his wedded Wife.

What

What impertinent Whimsy, *Philander*, has made thee so strangely to alienate thyself from one whom thou hast chosen for thy inseparable Companion, and, as such, ought'st to love and respect her! Whence then all this Restlessness of Mind, this Inequality of Temper, this Inconstancy of Affection, this Phrenzy, this Silence, this Despair? — Speak, speak the cruel Cause; sinkest thou under the galling Weight of thy publick, or private Affairs? — Hah! art thou tortur'd by domestic Broils? Alas! 'tis to no Purpose to kick, as you have put on the Fetters; ——— if once the Priest has join'd your Hands,

*Fret e'er so much, you must comply
To bear the matrimonial Tie:
Once bound the Female and the Male,
The one is only t'other's Bail.*

Pity it is, you'll say, perhaps, that the same Privileges should not be allowed the *English*, as the *Chinese*. Having Occasion formerly to travel into those Parts, being entertained by a *Mandarin* one Day, among other of their Customs, he informed me, that they were at full Liberty to sell their Wives, the very Moment they thought proper to exercise their Lungs, and that they put them up by Auction. If this Practice was allowed here in *England*, I make no Scruple, but we should have Auctions in every Town throughout the Kingdom, each Day in the Week. The *Advertisements* in

the *Daily Papers*, on this Occasion, would, no Doubt, bring in a considerable Revenue; it's almost impossible to conceive, how largely the Article of *Parsons Wives* only would contribute, if such a Scheme were to be set on foot. I would recommend it to the learned Orator of *Clare-market*, to be very pathetic upon this Subject, the next Time he mounts! I dare say, he need not in the least fear a crowded Audience.

Scolding, however, by this Custom, we may perceive, is not peculiar to the *Europeans* only; but extends to all Points of the Compass. They express it in *China* by a Word that signifies *Bleating*; the Sound produced being quite different in Tone to what it is in these Parts; because, the *Medium* of Air being not so dense in *China*, as in these Northern Climates, the Voice is not so easily heard. I have been told tho', that, as by Multiplying-glasses one Thing is represented to the Eye as many; so, by a proper *Polyphone*, the Ladies have there contrived, one Sound may be heard as many, and that either in the same or a different Note. They have likewise their *Microphones*, or magnifying Sound-instruments, so ordered, that they shall render the most minute Sound in Nature distinctly audible, by magnifying it to any Loudness, so as to be heard, if they please, some Leagues off. They tell me, one of each of these Instruments has been lately brought into *England*; but I hope for no other Use, than, if a War should happen to break out between us and the contending Powers, to surprise the Enemy.

may, A Whisper by the last of them, viz, the *Microphone*, may be made as loud as a the Shot of a Cannon, and Woe betide the poor Husband, if they are to be produc'd upon every trifling Squabble. The Elation of their natural Voices is ample Penance for the worst Offences; they need no Assistance of Art, I am sure. All the World knows they may support their own Constitutions by them, against Enemies of all Complexions, and Opposition in every Shape. There's scarce a married Man in the Kingdom, but knows with how little Success he has asserted the Cause of Liberty, when once they began to discharge their Artillery. The Reception he has met with has been generally so very warm, he has been glad to abandon it, and capitulate on the best Terms he could.

Were the Conflict short, it might be something more tolerable; but the worst is, they have never done harping on the same String. Not one in fifty ever soften into Silence, till they have claw'd and curry'd us to some Purpose. — The learned *Buxtorf* tells us, the *Jewish* Rabbins laid it down as a Maxim, that *Prayer multiplied was certainly heard*. Among the Heathens too, we find, vain, empty Repetitions were thought necessary to lengthen out Devotion. The *Greeks* call such *Battology*. They used it *Deorum aures confundere*, (says the Comedian) *to stun the Ears of their Deities*, who, they foolishly enough imagined, could never hear or understand them, unless the same Thing was repeated 100 times over. Whether

ther my good Country-women have been much conversant in the *Rabbinical* Writings, or no, I can't say ; but they seem to be very fond of the same Tenet, however contrary it be to the Rules of Christianity. *En passant*, I would recommend to them some necessary Tenets on the Government of the Tongue ; and, well knowing from their breeding their Desire of Novelty, and being assured nothing can be more new to a modern, polite Lady, I hope it will not be deem'd a Mark of Disrespect to request their Perusal of the *Bible* too, which would presently, if they complied with the Directions there laid down, relieve them of this Fistula of the Mind. As to their modish Slander and Raillery, with other their Teatable, tawdry Miscellany, this is what any Man may reconnoitre at his Leisure, and therefore 'twill be needless to tire the Reader with a long Detail of the Misfortunes that may attend it ; we may only remark, that, should we speak compassionately of these Foibles, and suppose them accidental only, proceeding from meer Want of Judgment, not Ill-nature ; yet, as they must tend often to expose the Party, and prejudice a Man's Reputation, (and either Women's Tongues must be employed on these or the like Topicks, the Moment Jaw-work is over, otherwise they have no more Spirit in them than dead small Beer, but grow as heavy as *Brunswick* Mum ;) this Consideration alone, methinks, ought to make a Man cautious enough, how he ventures to trust these never-failing Seed-plots of Dis-

cord

cord with the Secrets of his Heart, much more how he sacrifices his Person. — If he must either have his Ears fill'd with ill-natur'd, injudicious Reflections on the Mistakes of others, a sage Curtain-lecture, or addle-headed Bed-roll on Caudles and Confections, o' my Conscience he'd better tend a Dung-cart, or go Journeyman to a *Kentish* Pippin-planter.

I had almost forgot another very important Point, *viz.* that of Cuckoldom, which, I shall take for granted, all married Men stand a fair Chance for, the Moment the Sun enters *Taurus*, (for then about is the most dangerous Time, according to the nicest Calculation of our Astronomers) and leave them to vindicate the common Cause. Here the Women are always in a terrible Pother, and look just like so many ruddy Meteors, the Moment they find a Man possessed with this *Clap* of the Mind; but only view a little the toothless Matron in her Eve of Life, when it may be almost question'd whether she exist, or no, declare, by peeping Fits, the little Smoke that's left, and crackle at the Thought; then tell me, if we may not very plausibly presage a Rival's Charms, and dread the sneaking Sin? — Our gentle, sweet, good-natur'd Household-dove, forsooth, may not here only debase our Family, but obtrude a spurious Issue upon us for legitimate Heirs to our Estates; and thus we are to fall so many Sacrifices, poor, credulous Simpletons! to a false Woman's Scorn. —

Just

*Just Heav'ns, forbear! — 'Tis too severe a
Curse;*

*This Pain is perfect Misery, the worst
Of Evils; and, excessive, overturns
All Patience.* —

'Tis indeed recorded of the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, that, when asked, why he repudiated not the Empress *Faustina*? He calmly replied, In such Case, he ought in Justice to return her Dower, viz. the Empire, and therefore we find thought it more adviseable to acquiesce in, and screen, than expose her Conduct, which was already become notorious enough by her frequent Elopements; and so lay down (as we say in plain *English*) a contented Cuckold. Ay, ay, cries *Sganarelle*, a Gentleman greatly distinguished in the learned World for his equal Skill in the Sciences of Law, Pip-curing, and Poetry. This Emperor, all Mankind knows, was a Philosopher, a very strict Stoick Philosopher too, a Sect fantastically pretending they were free from all Passions whatsoever; who, tho' they saw their Wives courted under their very Noses, and were Witnessees to the private Intercourse they had with their Sparks, would yet very tamely put up the Affront, and never offer once to prove their Courage in revenging it; — the Crime was truly personal only, and therefore how could their Honour bleed? — A Man should never be angry either at what he can or cannot help; — if their Wives had done amits, let them e'en smart for it; but why should their Choler rise at an infamous Mincks,

Mincks, who vouchsafes to add the Ragout of a Gallant to that old, standing Dish of an Husband? At this rate they argued, I suppose, if the Truth were known, for fear of having drubbed Backs; as well as Horns on their Foreheads; otherwise sure, they would scarce have permitted their Madams to sin on with Impunity; audacious Creatures! and suffer People, as they pass by, to point at them, with their Fingers set out like Horns, for half a Year together. — My Neighbour *Sganarelle* then would not, it's evident, betray so morbid a Brain. — No; rather than not laudably vent his unruly Passion, he would discharge the peccant Humour in exceeding purulent Metre. — His Case is so very worthy of happy Memory, I shall beg Leave to relate it.

For these five Years last past, for fear of having more Cradles going, he has, with a true *Spanish* Gravity, been preaching up the Doctrine of Abstinence to his Lady; but, as he is pleased to affirm, his Rhetoric proves abortive: For, tho' he is ready to depose upon Oath, before any of his Majesty's Justices, that he has not come within a Yard of her all the Time, yet the Clock (he has the utmost Reason to think) went as the Clerk pleased, and he cannot but apprehend a Stag's Topknot sprouting. Beginning to vociferate very loudly, one Day, upon this Occasion, a Corps of the black, shirtless Lords of Anarchy, a Million strong of Vermin, soon marshal'd round his Door,
G compli-

complimenting him as usual. The Neighbours, good Folks, with all possible Precipitation, ran in to compose Matters; but no *Pater noster* would then go down with him; Persuasions were quite lost; he rump-ed them most *Teutonically*; and, mounting *Rozinante*, cap-a-pee, dress'd in his Shirt like a Prize-fighter, with a Lapper of it hanging out elsewhere, flourish'd an old, rusty Garden-scythe, bristling and churning the Foam like a little Captain; and denying the poor, terrify'd Lady (who all the while look'd so frosty chaste, one would have sworn she was a *Vestal*) the least Quarter, till a Detachment of Surgeons, to whom he dispatched his Circular Letters on their first falling out, gave in their Verdict. What they depos'd, I ne'er could learn; but if common Fame says true, a Dram a-pièce served for their Fees, and the poor, hopping Gentleman, of the ill-favour'd Visage, (as they call him) has been since universally allowed to be out of his Wits; and, maugre all the Admonitions of his Friends to the contrary, swears he can prove himself cornuted by *Algebra*, and will prosecute her, ay, that he will, with all the Accuracy of a Serjeant. He has taken up too a Resolution, I'm inform'd, to oblige the World with Memoirs of the Case in Verse, in five Volumes, Folio, each as large as a Church-Bible; to which, for the Diversion of the Publick, will be prefixed a curious Frontispiece, representing the late Squabble, with the Humours of the Surgeons, designed by a very masterly Hand. — See what 'tis to be a Cuckold, even in Conceit And

And here give me Leave (now we are upon this Article) to reflect a little on the Complaisance of our *English* Laws, with relation to the fair Sex. They oblige an Husband to own a Child, born after he has been absent many Years, provided he has been within the Bounds of the Island during that Time. The Indulgence is grounded on two Reasons; first, because the Wife has plighted her Faith solemnly to be true, which she is presumed not to have broken; and secondly, because it is in the Husband's Power to secure his Wife's Honesty, and what Right or Power any Person enjoys, he is always supposed to exercise. But this is really taking for granted, what rarely is Matter of Fact; for, tho' a Man ought to keep an Eye on his own Concerns, yet, if a Woman has a mind to prove dishonest, notwithstanding all her Husband's Watchfulness, she will find Opportunities enough to break her nuptial Fidelity. *Plato* observes, that the Wives of the *Spartan* Kings were publicly watched and overseen by the *Ephori*, (who were, as *Suidas* tells us, ordinarily five in Number) lest any Heir should be obtruded on the Crown, which was not of the Race of *Hercules*. All the Circumspection their King could use, it's plain then, was thought insufficient by the *Spartans*, who (I doubt not) took some proper Care, that due Inspection should be made of the Manners of every private Woman, as well as of those of the first Rank and Distinction: And if among the antient *Spartans* such prodigious Care was requisite, why should it be supposed less should be necessary here among

us? Is there not the same Danger of counterfeiting the Strain? And therefore why should the *English* Fair-ones be left under the sole Guard of their own Reputations? The History of *Pasiphaë* is common enough. The Poets tell us (and who dare doubt what Poets say?) that she fell in love with a Bull, and that *Dædalus* made a Cow of Wood, and put her into it; whereupon she, obtaining her Desire, brought forth by him the Monster called *Minotaur*, having one Part like a Man, the other like a Bull: K. *Minos* her Husband, however, was fain to father this Son and Heir, as appears by the Name, and seemingly for this Reason, that the Country was an Island, and he within the Bounds of it when the Infant was begotten: Tho' I cannot well see, how he could be believed to be the real Father, the Uncouthness of the Creature being sufficient to overthrow the Favour of the Presumption, and a strong Argument of *Pasiphaë's* Dishonesty. This Allowance therefore seems, in my humble Opinion, a Note beyond *Ely*.

But, to have done with this melancholy Article of a spurious Brood, or suppose you are wholly ignorant of your Wrongs, and *Messalina's* violated Vows. Why then, presuming on the Merit of her Constancy, she'll be sure to take all Opportunities to commend to your Consideration the, as yet, untainted Character of her Virtue, notwithstanding the Blazonry of her Charms to tempt some leering, puny-fac'd Fop, whom, out of her great Generosity, she very twittingly tells you, she discards, maugre all his Assiduity, and almost

most irresistible Complaisance to win her.—
Her Honour skins all Wounds whatever,
and you must e'en take this, as a sufficient
Excuse for all her other Extravagancies and
Misconduct.

— A pleasant Story enough is recorded of
Protagoras, a Disciple of the famous *Demo-
critus*. He married his Daughter to his E-
nemy to be revenged on him; and, when
asked one Day, What made him fancy that
Method above any? very coolly answered,
Because he could think of nothing worse to
bestow on him, than a Wife. *Diogenes*, as
great a *Cynick* as he was, could not help
wishing, when he saw some Women hang-
ing on an Olive-tree, that all Trees whatso-
ever were well loaded with such Fruit. And
Alphonso, King of *Arragon*, observed, that
the only Way to be happy in Marriage was,
for the Husband to be deaf, and the Wife
blind. What *Socrates's* Opinion was, is so
very common in every body's Mouth, that
it may be thought impertinent here to re-
cite it. Wedlock is a Padlock, cries ano-
ther; and a great Wit of the present Age
has been pleased to remark, that when once
a Man's married, he's properly dead in
Law, and ought to be deemed so, according-
ly; as *de Mortuis*, so *de Maritis*.

+ *Simonides*, the celebrated Poet of *Cea*,
who, when requested to answer any Point
propounded to him, used always to crave
Time to deliberate on, and sift the Matter
thoroughly, before he gave his Opinion,
computes only one in ten throughout the
Female World to be worth possessing. ' In
' the

' the Beginning, (says he) the Souls of Wo-
 ' mankind were made of different Materi-
 ' als: One Sort was composed of those In-
 ' gredients that form a Swine; a second, of
 ' the same Materials as a Fox; a third of
 ' canine Particles; the fourth of the Earth;
 ' the fifth of the Sea; the sixth Species of
 ' an Ass; the seventh of a Cat; the eighth
 ' of a Mare; the ninth of an Ape; and
 ' the tenth and last of a Bee; and happy is
 ' the Man, who gets such an one.' Some
 have indeed questioned, whether Women
 have any Souls, or no; of late, if I mistake
 not, the Learned have decided in the Affir-
 mative; I shall take it for granted, how-
 ever, that they have, and that common
 Experience justifies *Simonides's* Calculation.
 And is not the *Hautboy* in one Sex, do you
 think, as great a Rarity, as the *Harpshord*
 in the other, you *Ninny-hammer*? cries a
 sanguine Casuist. It may be so; and your
 Inference, I suppose, is, or at least ought to
 be, that not above one in ten should enter
 upon a conjugal State, because not above
 one in ten knows how to behave with Pro-
 priety in it. *Flavia* buried three Children
 and two Husbands, and bore the Misfor-
 tune with all Christian Patience; but was
 never able to get over the Loss of her Par-
 rot. Are those, to whom a Muff, a Scarf,
 a Tippet, a Lap-dog, would become a so-
 lid Blessing or Misfortune, ever capable of
 possessing those Accomplishments, which
 are indispensably necessary towards an hap-
 py Union? Sir *Timothy* is almost out of his
 Wits on account of his Greyhound running
 mad;

mad; 'Twas my inseparable Companion, says he, for ten Years together. Florio places all his Happiness in a Tulip-root; and the Loss of a running Horse shall prove a greater Calamity to Theron, than the Death of his *Clarinda*. Unless each strive to make the other happy, Indifference must necessarily ensue. Affection is only natural to Persons of even Tempers and uniform Dispositions. The most melting Tenderness often degenerates into Aversion. People only discovering by Degrees, whom they are tacked to. Taking then *Simonides's* Calculation for granted, the Difficulty is, to discover how these tenth Persons should couple as they ought to do, *i. e.* in order to travel on together, to the End of their Journey, in a continual Intercourse of kind Offices and mutual Endearments. For Want of this proper Consideration it is, that some Parties grow cool in the very Honey-month; some separate before the first; others after the fifth Child: Happy would it have been, had they flown asunder in the midst of Courtship! The general Way now-a-days is, 'We *John* ———, and *Elisabeth* ———, having such Estates, resolve to take each other: In Witness of which our pious Resolution, we interchangeably set our Hands and Seals.' Now, I think, other Considerations are necessary, besides that of the Rent-roll; and, whatever human Policy may teach, 'tis a Defection in Point of Morality. When a Man has deceived an innocent Woman, if she be not equal to him in Fortune, Custom has made him scarcely reproach-

reproachable ; be her Merit what it will, that's overlooked, and the World immediately cry out, *How could she expect he would marry her?* This is an unreasonable Piece of Gallantry. The same Thing is often practised indeed by my good Country-women ; the first Lover has ten to one against him ; he is made no other use of, but to raise her Price, and call in new Bidders. What is this, but setting themselves up by way of Auction ? The good Offices, the Pleasures, and Graces of Life, are never once put into the Ballance : But this *en passant*. The Article we were upon was, how to pair these tenth Persons so, that such might spend their Lives agreeably. Now, I think, the Learned have as yet found out no certain Rule to steer by. Cries one, a light, flaxen Hair is *Venus's* own Colour ; *ergo*, it rarely fails to shew the Party of a soft, kind Temper ; a light brown, harsh, and broken at the Ends, denote the same ; a dusky red betrays Melancholy ; a bright, deep Hair, Treachery ; black, the Quarrellsome ; and a dark brown, the Indifferent ; a swarthy Complexion, high Forehead, Nose rising, large, black Eyes, and wide Mouth, is a sure Sign of the Person's being born under *Mars*, a very *Don Cholerick* *Snapshot* ; a sanguine Complexion, hanel, or blush Eyes, a little Mouth, and strait Nose, denotes the Party born under *Venus*, and consequently thoroughly good-natured, &c. But all these Rules, tho' approved by our most eminent Astrologers and Physiognomists, have often failed, to our great Disappointment.

appointment. ' Take Nettle-seed, says the celebrated *E. B. Esq;* and Juniper-berries, dried and pounded, 3ij. Crabs-claws ʒj, mix these Powders well together, and give as much, as will lie on a Silver Penny, in any Liquor, and the Effect will be wonderful.' Howsoever these Vagaries may conduce to Merriment, yet, I believe, this 'Squire's *Recipe* will be of as little Service, as a certain Philosopher's *Prayer*. As this is therefore a Difficulty not so easy to be surmounted, and a Case too of Conscience, what if it were recommended to the Consideration of the Parson of every Parish throughout *Great Britain*? I would have some new Tythe or other set apart as a *Premium* for their Pains; whether it should be the tenth Child, or no, I leave to the Determination of the Legislature.

But suppose we should light of a good Wife, and even, as *Ulysses* did, prefer the good old Woman to Immortality; yet sure there is something farther to be considered. Many Things may still imbitter the Potion, and tho' married Folks are commonly wont to say, *The Partner of my Cares*, &c. thereby insinuating, that half the Cares of Life vanish immediately upon their changing their Condition, as they term it; yet, if they duly considered they were to bear half, or perhaps the whole, of each other's Troubles, (as those, that intend to be good for ought, should do) they would presently perceive all this a mere Puff, without one Word of Truth or Sense in it. With Children Cares are propagated; Abundance of Pains is requisite

to breed them up, and great are the Expences attending their Education; very laborious is the fitting them out properly, so as to become useful Members to a State. A Gentleman's Life, of all other, let me tell you, is the most difficult to pass thro' with Propriety of Behaviour. Few Parents are equal to the Enterprize themselves; some Persons can't dispense with the necessary Disbursements neither; and others, that can, are yet too sparing in their Encouragement to Masters for their Care in Education. How many may be justly enough compared to *Epicurus's* Gods, who lie lolling on the Clouds, and, instead of Blessings, pour down Storms and Tempests on the Heads of those who sacrifice to them!

Many are the distracting Follies, and vicious Inclinations, I had almost said, natural to the callow Bloom of youthful Years. 'Tis difficult to preserve, in the present Age at least, even an innocent Worthlessness! Various are then the Anxieties a doating Parent must of Necessity labour under, for Fear his darling Hopes, the only Support, it may be, of his hoary, venerable Age, should deviate from the strict Rules of Virtue, or be cut off e'er knotted into Strength. Nature oft-times deals hardly by us, and seems, as it were purposely, to disregard, if not cross our fondest Expectations, by either some giddy, lazy, or ill-shaped, vicious, disdainful Off-spring, desirous only to enjoy to day, ever thoughtless of to morrow; and if a Parent can be said to be happy, when he is upon the rack for his Child's Misconduct,

conduct, I am quite out in my Politicks. A truly tender Parent, (and who but such deserve the Name ?) to his great Dissatisfaction, must reflect, all the remaining Part of his Life, how that he was the unfortunate Author and Introducer of so much Misery into the World, and that better would it have far'd with him, were he childless.

*Our Fathers have been worse than their's,
And we than ours ; next Age may see
A Race more profligate than we.*

CREECH'S Hor. Ode 6. B. 3.

I know 'tis a very common, but trifling Excuse, when a Man marries, to scratch his Pate, and cry, ' Why, I did it for the ' sake of an Heir to my Fortunes ; ' and therefore I touch'd upon the preceding Article, to shew the Insufficiency of such a wild Apology. If you are not baulk'd of your very wise Designs, (as oftentimes happens to be the Case) yet, *Aurelius*, how notably may you entail it ! It may be, on Bullion you never stamp'd, at least you can't be sure you did ; for you must take all upon Trust, (he may be the Son of a Fiddler, or Prize-fighter, for ought you know) and so your Favourite may chance to have no Right to it ; or else upon some clumsy, lazy, ungrateful Wretch, without one Grain of Sense or Merit ; and who, according to the Rules now in Vogue, even values himself for his Profuseness in Debauchery,——Look a little round the wide World, and I'll warrant, in your Range, you'll find one de-

erving enough, and on whom 'twill be to your Credit and the publick Benefit to bestow your Possessions. To give Children large Fortunes, without they can make a proper Use of them, is only arming them with Power to do Mischief.

Monsieur *De l'Esprit Foible* made this his Pretence (after screwing his Body into a thousand antick Forms, and sighing, to make his Family, if he could, do the like by Sympathy) for presenting six Daughters with a Mother-in-law. He entered the Lists Champion-like, but is luckily disappointed of his much wished for Successor. 'Tis well for the Publick and his Family that he is so; and the least, the latter can do to make themselves amends for his Folly, is to set all the Bells a ringing at his Funeral.

The wise Institution of settling so much on an elder Son has no more Sense in it, than if a Man should begin a Deed with
 ' Whereas * no Man living knows how long
 ' he shall continue to be a reasonable Crea-
 ' ture, or an honest Man; and whereas I
 ' B. am going to enter into the State of
 ' Matrimony with Mrs. D. therefore I shall,
 ' from henceforth, make it indifferent to
 ' me, whether from this Time forward I
 ' shall be a Fool or a Knave: And there-
 ' fore, in full and perfect Health of Body,
 ' and a sound Mind, not knowing which of
 ' my Children will prove better or worse,
 ' I give to my eldest Son, be he perverse,
 ' ungrateful, impious, or cruel, the Lump
 ' and Bulk of my Estate, and leave one
 ' Year's

' Year's Purchase only to each of my
 ' younger Children, whether they shall be
 ' brave or beautiful, modest or honourable,
 ' from the Time of the Date hereof, where-
 ' in I resign my Senses, and hereby promise
 ' to employ my Judgment no further in the
 ' Distribution of my Effects, from the Day
 ' of the Date hereof; hereby further con-
 ' fessing and covenanting, that I am from
 ' henceforth married, and dead in Law.
 All Men sure wish their Children as good as
 themselves, or as much better as they can
 possibly be; and therefore it is monstrous,
 we should put it out of our Power to reward
 or discourage them, as they deserve.

There are but two reasonable Pleas, says
 a learned Gent. for entering into the marri-
 ed State, *viz.* Interest and Inclination. Whe-
 ther this be a very orthodox Opinion, let
 the Champions in Controversy determine.
 Beau *Nathan* lays it down for an Axiom;
 but whether there may not be some Flaw in
 his Inspiration, I leave for a certain famous
She-faint, in a black Gown, and long, green
 Apron, to decide. He argues from it ac-
 cordingly thus; ' Where a young, half-
 ' starv'd Hireling aims only at a comfort-
 ' able Subsistence, or to pay off an Army
 ' of Duns that daily quarter on him, he
 ' cannot indeed be discommended for taking
 ' some rich, old Mother *Skipton*, or so,
 ' home to him for some short Time, be-
 ' cause the usual Acceptation of those Words
 ' is to make his Fortune, and it generally
 ' indeed, if he uses her well especially, (as
 ' he ought doubtless to do) falls out so.'

Here

Here he's safe, I think verily, from the great Evil of Cuckoldom; (if that may be a Point worth considering) and may have an Opportunity of exercising his Charity, for I have had Advice lately, that a Proclamation was some Time since published, prohibiting all Cuckolds, of what Degree soever, to pass the *Styx* in *Charon's Boat*; they are to go over a Bridge of Horns of their own making; and the poor old Ferryman has lain so long idle, they say, that he is like to be starved to Death for Want of his Fees, every Passenger producing his own Horn.

He proceeds; ' But where there is a Competency before-hand, to play the fool, and be manacled for Love, or an extraordinary Portion, or for Conversation, as some cry, 'tis perfectly inexcusable; because 'tis a Thousand to one, but you are shipwreckt. How many unhappy Instances of this kind daily present themselves to our View? — *Madam's Qualifications* may be such, as will squander away, not only all she brought you, but your own Estate into the Bargain; and then how ridiculous will it be for you, when you have spent *Michaelmas Rent* in *Midsummer Moon*, to urge Interest in your Defence, and cry, *Who could have thought all this?* (as we *Englishmen* generally do, when we are at a loss for a Salvo.) — Then, as for Love, *That and Pride stock Bedlam*, says the old Proverb; and really, I think, I may be bold enough to pronounce, that Man deserves Confinement, who loses an Hog for an hap'worth of Tar; he must
love

love Bacon well, that licks the Sow's Breech.

'I know 'tis urged very strongly, adds he, that there's a natural, irresistible Propensity in Man to enjoy the Party beloved, which prevails with People to quit their present happy Station, in Hopes of future Bliss and Quiet, which does not always befall them.——No, I believe not indeed; and more Fools they then to be prevailed upon to do so; for I deny there's any natural, irresistible Propensity, or any thing like it. The strongest Byass on the Mind can never determine a Man of Sense to put in Execution, what he knows may prove his Destruction. He may (if he'll take the Pains) easily become Master of himself.——To subdue Passion is a Conquest worthy a Man; he's truly brave that does it, and 'tis ever attended with Satisfaction and Profit; but for us to give way to our unruly, head-strong Desires, merely because we are too lazy to correct them, betrays the Delinquents to be only Signs of Men, hung out for Fashion's sake.'——Thus much Beau Nathan.

Rail on as long as you please, cries *Antipha*, you are none of you satisfied till you are noosed, and would run almost any Lengths, if you had but an inviting Prospect.——A superficial View of Things may indeed invite: But why? Because 'tis as a Prospect from the Top of one Hill to another; we are apt to take no Notice of the Vale between. I have often wondered therefore, why my Countrymen should swagger about

about this, and talk of Liberty, when at the same Time they are every Day giving clear Demonstration, that they are ten times fonder of Slavery, and will not use the least Circumspection, to prevent subjecting themselves to the worst of absolute Monarchies, viz. Petticoat-government. Hit or miss, they e'en venture on, as *Johnson* did on his Wife.

Heaven at first made the Woman, it's true, the lower Part of the Creation ; but we have, out of our abundant Complaisance, gone since, and made them the upper. Providence made them humble, obedient, and innocent ; but we have rendered them proud, imperious, and false. — Poor *Antipho* is even forced to pay afresh for every happy Night, they tell me, almost as dearly as he did for the first, notwithstanding all his Remonstrances against it. We find in *Persia*, (I think 'twas in the Reign of K. *Artaxerxes Mnemon*) the Women had got to that pass, that they were forced to make a Law, That every Cock should have full Liberty to crow on his own Dunghil. I wonder such a Bill was never brought into Parliament here in *England*. — Would it not pass, think ye? I agree we have Gentry enough, who pretend to bear a great Sway o'er their Wives, and can boast how very observant they are ; but at the same Time, if you go home with them, you shall see them step as gingerly, as if they dreaded being overheard, and are all as submissive as Alderman —, whose martial Madam, upon his being, as she thought, guilty

ty of an Indecorum for asserting she was a meer old Woman, for burying a Bit of Beef in the Ground, as a known Receipt to cure the Warts on her Hands, after hitting him a very great Box of the Ear, ordered him to be undrest and sent to Bed supperless.

I can bear your Raillery (cries *Antipho*, forcing a Smile) without the least Provocation ; you Batchelors, all the World knows, are ever on the high Grin ; ye all p—s in a Quill. Marriage is one of the common Topicks of Ridicule, that every Scribbler finds his Account in. Whenever they are afraid of a Play being damned, or there is the least Occasion for a Clap on the Stage, cut but an impertinent Jest upon Matrimony, and it's raised in a trice. This tho', by the by, let me tell you, sweet Sir, is attended with very pernicious Consequences ; many an addled-headed Country 'Squire, upon this, has thought fit to set up for a Man of Wit and Gallantry, and in the Gaiety of his Temper, gone home domineering, and beat his Wife. In short, separate Beds, silent Tables, and solitary Homes have been introduced by your Men of Vivacity, as they term themselves. *Pliny* was a Man of the greatest Genius, and of the first Quality of his Age, and yet did not think it beneath him to behave as a kind Husband, and to treat his Wife as a Friend, Companion, and Counsellor. *Cicero*, a yet greater Man in all respects, who made such a Figure in the *Roman* Senate, in his private Character was as amiable, as in publick he was awful and majestick. He esteemed

it no way inconsistent with the Politeness of his Manners, or the Greatness of his Wisdom, to stand upon Record, as an affectionate Husband, and a tender Parent. Every one admires the Orator and Consul; and who esteems not the Husband and Father? *Augustus*, the most renowned Monarch that ever appeared in Pagan History, who found *Rome* built with Clay, and left it of Marble, a Prince memorable for his Penetration and Management, and, withal, his singular Generosity and Humanity, whose Character cannot be much easier drawn, than his Actions represented in few Words, expiring in the Embraces of his dear Empress *Livia*, could bid her *remember their Marriage and Farewel*: She too, after his Decease, out of an high Esteem she bare him, gave a large Sum to a Senator, for having sworn he saw him ascend into Heaven. A thousand other Instances, both among the Antients and Moderns, might be quoted; but one might as well pretend to cut down *Falkland* Wood with a Penknife, as undertake to convince you. There is no making a good Shaft of a Pig's Tail. For my Part, I am content with my Station, and can bill, and sing in my Cage, (as you call it) both with more Pleasure, and Security, than among the wild Beasts of the Forest.

I agree with you, *Antipho*, as to that Point entirely; a Rake is by no means an eligible Character: But you have quite out-shot your Bolt. A Man may love his House, and yet not ride on the Ridge.—Married Men,

Men, I allow, are all good Members of a Republick; I honour them, admire the Happy, and pity, not despise, the Unhappy. 'Tis my Maxim, *As de Mortuis, so de Maritis, nil nisi bonum.* Wedlock is a State founded on the Law of Nature, but the best Institutions may be perverted. However, if a Man must needs otherwise run catterwalling, (but that is a Doctrine I don't well understand, and think it has been already sufficiently confuted) he's doubtless to be commended for running any Risque, rather than offend against the Laws of Morality. Virtue and Happiness are Mother and Daughter, two Names for the same Thing; and *Cent. per Cent.* do we pay for every vitious Repast: But let me observe to you, *Antipho*, that he acts very inconsistently, who is induced to alter his Condition merely for the Sake of satisfying his Appetites; it's the meanest, most brutal Passion a reasonable Creature can be capable of; it ranks him with the lowest Species of irrational Animals; and if it wears not off without Marriage, it seldom does with it; and yet, I fear, this is too commonly the View, else how comes it, that we so frequently observe the Fondness of married People dwindle by Degrees into Neglect, and oftentimes descending lower? The natural Affections of Mankind were designed for valuable Ends in Life, and prove of the greatest Benefit, when brought under a proper Regulation; 'tis very observable, our Desires cut various Channels, and determine our Pursuits accordingly, as the Mind is

more or less informed. Pity more Regard is not therefore had to the Education of my fair Country-women, and our Youth in general ; we should not then find the former passing the better Part of their Lives at the Toilet, or disposed to be struck with every Thing that makes a Show, however trifling and superficial ; or the latter, with all the antick Postures of a Merry-andrew, whistling an *Italian* Sonata. It's for want of being better instructed, that our Passions are so apt to blind us, and Temptations so oft lead us astray ; and we are seduced into a Behaviour, which, in our more serious Hours we must condemn. But don't pretend to palliate or excuse our Deviations from the Rules of Uprightness, by persuading us, that we have not Strength enough to master any sinful Sollicitation ; there are no Tryals so sharp, or difficult to grapple with, but, would we consider a little beforehand, we might easily get the better of. I know not any one Instance, wherein you can shew we act necessarily or mechanically ; the very Word *Temptation* supposes it to be in our Power to act, or forbear. The Frame of our Mind within is not (according to the Libertine's Scheme) so adapted to the Impression of Objects from without, that it's utterly impossible to resist the Force of them. Let the odious Reproach, I beseech you, lie, where it ought to lie ; and rather plead for the Rights and Liberties of human Nature, than talk of our being bound to the imperious Sway of our Appetites.

Is there, I ask you, *Antipho*, a more abject

jest Slavery possible, than to admire what we ought to condemn? And, if a Man would calmly debate the Matter with himself, would he not look on that celebrated Toast, Lady *Mushroom*, with the utmost Indifference and Contempt? Is it possible in the Nature of Things, that that pretty, blithe, silken *Siren*, by Beauty, Wit, and Heedlessness, can reasonably expect to bear away as much of our good Opinion, as the discreet *Melinda*? How happy was your Neighbour *Licinius*, when News was brought him, that *Emilia* was just then upon the Point of expiring, with Disgust, for being obliged, in a narrow Street, to turn her Coach to make Way for that of a Dutchess? 'Tis granted you, *Antipho*, that a Man can't possess any Thing better than a good Wife: The Well-bred and Intelligent ought to be looked on with an Observation suitable to their Talents and Accomplishments; but, alas! a graceful Demeanour, the wonted awful Mien, and winning Simplicity, I once could observe in the fair Sex, are now-a-days nowhere to be met with; a most unaccountable Rompishness has succeeded in their Room; and would you have us squeeze Juice out of a Cork? It's their idle Starts and Incoherencies that undervalue them. Coquetry seems to be the Standard of good Breeding.—'Tis true, they simper much, and call me the musty, precise, old *Shropshire* Excise-man; the Compliment, I assure you, does not in the least put me out of Humour; I freely own, I can't at all relish your present Set of young Ladies.—Egad, they

they will make you skip like Hail on a Pack-saddle, and he had need of a very long Spoon, that sups with the D—l, I'm certain.

In this present Posture of Affairs, then, when Cockle grows in lieu of Barley, I can't see how Celibacy can justly be reproached. Who, do you think, will permit a Woman to fire an House to roast her Eggs? And he that would weigh the Wind, I'm sure, must have a steady Hand. A fair Lady indeed is a pretty Bawble for a Stranger to look at, but then, we say, 'tis a Commodity very detrimental to the Owner; for either you must send her into *Staffordshire*, or she will drive you into *Cumberland*; and who, but an *Irishman*, would go a Coney-catching with a dead Ferret, or thatch his Barn with Pancakes? However, the pretty Insensibles may think these Irregularities so many Embellishments, (becoming Heedlessneses, as they call them) yet the Way to *Babylon* will never bring one to *Jerusalem*; and tho' a Man may divert himself some heavy Hour, or so, in their Company, yet I insist on it with both Hands, and all my Teeth, (as *Nan* said to *Nicholas*) that a Man of common Sense will never eat Cherries with those who will squirt his Eyes out with the Stones.

Methinks I hear it objected against me, This Fellow is a second *Clodius*, intruding on the Mysteries of the *BONA DEA*; e'en let's demolish him. He's an Arch-heretick, cries another, and since the Law *de Hæretico comburendo* is repealed, (the more is the Pity) we'll in short toss him in a Blanket. But, with Submission, I say, Truce a while,
I am

I am ready to undergo any Punishment, if legally convicted, the Moment the Combatants have determined what Heresy is. Well, but at this Rate the World, cries another, will be soon unpeopled ; what, would you rally Legitimacy out of the Kingdom ? I answer by denying the Charge, and that we need never fear a State of universal Celibacy ; and no-body, that I know of, has any Reason to suspect I approve, or would favour such a Scheme. I declare I would be as ready as any body to oppose it. My Design is not to countenance any Thing, that favours of Im-rality and Profaneness ; on the contrary, I would represent Vice and Folly in as ridiculous and odious a Dress, as Virtue and Discretion are truly amiable. Nothing, I hope, has dropt from my Pen, that can deserve the Censure of my Readers ; and if any Thing occur seemingly loose, I desire it may be remembered, that if it be disagreeable in the Copy, it can never be right in the Original. *Ridiculum acri fortius*, says the Poet ; they are the refined Tenets of the greatly Little, the common Topicks of the modern Conversation, and ought to be rectified ; its high Time they were : For what do we see, for the most part, if we turn our Eyes to the gay World, but a Set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, phantastical Beings, worn out in the keen Pursuit of Pleasure ; Creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own Infelicity ? The decayed Monuments of Error ! The thin Remains of what is called Delight !

To make the World better, we must un-make it what it is ; and can he be said to be
a Friend

a Friend to Posterity, who would propagate it from such a Collection of *Beaux* and *Belles*, the Levity of whose Minds is visible in every Word and Gesture? How pretty is it to observe the Merchant's Wife, or Daughter, send for the Apprentice out of the Compting-house for her own Use every Visiting-day, to set down in a great Leidger all the Visits, that are paid her, and she owes, methodically —

Mrs. Gad-abroad	Dr. for the Year 1735,	
	To 1950	Visits received.
<i>Per contra</i> , Cr.	To 1465	paid.

Due to ballance, 485.

I cannot, for my Part, conceive almost any one Thing, that contributes so much to the lessening the Esteem Men of Sense have to the fair Sex, as this single Article of Visits; and yet all their nonsensical Congratulations and Condolances are Words of course. The Moment a young Lady is married, all the Impertinents, from one End of the Town to the other, are beating the *Rattattattoo*, ready to break the Door down. Poor *Lucius* swears they spoil him three Brass Knockers in one Week. Thus a young Girl, bred up under a visiting Mother, when she has seen the Virtuous and Vicious used so indifferently, the Fears, she is born with, being by this Means abated, and her Desires indulged, in Proportion to her Love of that light and trifling Conversation, must needs make a Man of Business a most excellent Help-mate. From the general Reception of mixed Company, and the Admission of your pretty Fellows at these Assemblies,

blies, the poor, unthinking Creature gains so false an Idea of Life, that she scorns that Sort of Merit in a Man, which only can make her happy in Marriage. If he won't be a Jack-pudding every Moment, why, he is an ill-natured Wretch, not fit to live. None but a mettled Fellow can stand for a Candidate in her Affections; there must be a peculiar Negligence appear in all your Actions; the Head of your Cane (which you must not fail to brandish with such Variety of irregular Motions, that it will be dangerous to come within ten Yards of you) in the first Place, must be more considerable than your own; your Hat must hang on one Side of your Head, with a brisk Cock, and your upper Lip be covered all over with Snuff; your Dress must be equally ridiculous, scarce distinguishable from your Servants Livery, and, in several Motions and Gestures, you must affect the Behaviour of her little Dog, and when that and the Cat are at Play together, you must always make a third. These are some few of the Types of a modern fine Gentleman and Lady; but what amazes me most is, to see the same Foibles equally influencing both Old and Young. There's Mrs. M. of 44, Mrs. T. of 39, Mrs. L. of 35, and Lady Love-puppy of 72, give themselves the very ridiculous Airs of Miss Toss of 17; and I, at this very Instant, know a Gentleman, who has a Son, a good agreeable, pretty Fellow, who himself is a very pretty Fellow. Now this seems to be acting contrary to Nature, as well as all Order and Decency, and would, no Question,

on, be condemned by the Verdict of a Jury of old Cats, of whom we may pertinently enough observe, that tho' nothing is more playful than a young one, yet nothing is more grave than an old one.

In a Word, the Shoe-maker should not pretend to any Thing beyond his Last:—How ridiculous would it be to see him turn Conveyancer, or a Penny-post Man affect to practise Physic? Is then *Minucio* very exact in his Dress, a fine Tinsel Youth, and cuts a good Caper? Prithee give his Estate to his younger Brethren, and breed him a Dancing-master. Another values himself much upon his being a good Jockey; why is he not then sent away to *Newmarket* as such? Or hoops well to a Pack of Beagles; prithee make him a Huntsman, but not a Gentleman. *Squib* sets a Coach-box well, and whistles the diuretick Strains to Perfection; make him (and welcome) the H— Coach-man; but, for my Life, I can't conceive how he becomes a Seat in P—. I'm for having each Individual move in his own proper Sphere, and only him that can play, to take the Lute. *Le Sac*, the famous French Dancing-master, would have made a woful prime Minister; and who would not be surpris'd to be told, that Cardinal *Fleuri* was catch'd playing at Pushpin? Let every Pedlar be oblig'd, *nolens volens*, to carry his own Pack, and you'd soon find a strange Turn of Affairs. This would be the greatest Discouragement to Vice and Folly, and would make Matrimony a most happy State; Men of Merit would not then live
single,

single, because the Goodness of the Parties might, upon this Supposition, be ensured to each other; whereas at present 'tis all a Lottery, and next kin to driving black Hogs in the Dark.

I imagine I have now obviated all Objections; I don't wonder, I own, that our present State of Celibacy meets with Opposition. The Story of the Fox, in the Fable, is well known, and very apposite to my present Purpose: When his Tail was gone, he could then propose it as a Fashion very agreeable and becoming to go without Tails, and harangued very copiously upon their Aukwardness, urging how much more he enjoyed himself, and how easy he was, since he was bereft of that superfluous Member. The Application is easy. If a Person smart for having brought himself into a *Præmunire* at any Time, he is willing to draw others into the same Scheme, to keep him in Countenance; but this Project will never go down *Anglicos intra Muros*.

How oddly, and how much to their Discredit, if considered, do the following Words sound?—A most mighty, and by his Empress governed, Emperor;—My Lord the B—p of such a See, and his scolding Wife;—A wife, and by his Wife ridden, Judge or Serjeant;—A very valiant, and by his Wife beaten, Commander. — Now, if this, in the Opinion of the World, appears very ridiculous, and the poor, hen-pecked Creatures are every where pointed at, I can't conceive, for what Reason Celibacy should be thus inveighed against, or

the Professors of it exposed to Ridicule; 'tis in Effect calumniating a Man for endeavouring to avoid making himself a Coffee-house Topick, and a Laughing-stock to every Jack-ass.

If a Man must needs run the Gauntlet, at least there should be an Act of P——, methinks, to establish a Wife's Authority, and which should take off all Reproach whatsoever from the Husband: And because no possible Injury could accrue to either Party by having the thrashing Bout in publick, what if we conceive the Act worded thus? (I would advise some married Man or other to present the Bill.)

WHEREAS, in Consideration of the continual Attempts made against it, and of the many unhappy Confusions, that have attended the antient Ceremony of keeping up a due Mean between the Extrems of too much Stiffness in descending to Petticoat Caprice on the one Hand, and too much Easiness in admitting our Wives Pretensions to Administration and Management on the other, once advisedly established, the same is now found inconvenient, and of dangerous Consequence, and therefore thought proper to be entirely laid aside, and their Claim to the Breeches allowed of as just and reasonable; and whereas sundry Inconveniencies have thereupon ensued, and many well-disposed Persons been discouraged from entering upon the conjugal State, by Reason of numberless Cavils, and certain ridiculous

' ridiculous Insinuations of evil-minded Men,
 ' Sons of *Belial*, who, discovering rather a
 ' greater Regard to their own private Fan-
 ' cies and Interests, than to the Duty they
 ' owe the Publick, pretend, that this our
 ' said Submission is actually repugnant to
 ' common Sense, and introductive of Pope-
 ' ry, and that no true-born *Englishman* would,
 ' or ought to suffer himself to be dis-enfran-
 ' chised of his Charter, and be brought
 ' under *Covert Baron* by any proud, Virago-
 ' Mincks whatsoever, and that the same is
 ' scandalous, and disagreeable to the Laws
 ' of good Policy, notwithstanding, that 'tis
 ' well known that the Mode is *French*, and
 ' consequently very justifiable.

' To cut off therefore all Occasion of Ri-
 ' dicule, and, as far as in us lies, to give Sa-
 ' tisfaction to the tender Consciences of all
 ' the married Men in the Kingdom, and of
 ' such well-disposed Persons aforesaid, who,
 ' for Fear of being laught at, have lived hi-
 ' therto single.

' *Be it enacted by the Authority of, &c. &c.*
 ' &c. in P—— assembled, That whatso-
 ' ever Person or Persons, under the Age of
 ' twenty and eight Years, after the Feast of
 ' the Nativity of *St. John Baptist* next ensu-
 ' ing, shall be convicted according to the
 ' Laws of this Realm, by the Verdict of
 ' 12 unexceptionable Men, or by his or their
 ' own Confession or Confessions, or by no-
 ' torious Evidence, of having in any Inter-
 ' lude, Play, Song, Rhimes, or by open
 ' Words, in any wise ridiculed and declared
 ' against, or done any Thing in Disparage-
 ' ment

ment of our aforesaid Vassalage to our
 said Wives regent, adjudged, upon di-
 vers weighty Considerations abovementi-
 oned, to be very requisite and equitable;
 that then such Person or Persons, under
 the Age of twenty eight Years, lawfully
 convicted, shall for such Offence be oblig-
 ed to appear with his or their Face or Faces
 half-shaved, and undergo the Discipline of
 the Blanker every Market Day, in the
 publick Market-place, for the Space of six
 Months; and if any such Person or Per-
 sons, after his or their first Conviction,
 dare to offend, and be thereof in Form
 aforesaid, lawfully convict, that then such
 Person or Persons shall, for his or their
 2d, 3d, 4th, or 5th Offence, suffer Impri-
 sonment, *toties quoties*, in a Garret up four
 Pair of Stairs, at *E. C's*, Biographer, and
 be obliged to scribble for the said *E. C.*
gratis, for the Space of twelve Months,
 without Bail or Mainprise; by which
 Time, it is presumed, he will be desirous
 of recanting this his wicked Error.
 And because the most effectual Way to
 render this Obedience to the Good-will
 and Pleasure of our aforesaid Wives re-
 gent less liable to Exception, is to make
 the same universal; *Be it therefore enacted*
by the Authority aforesaid, That whatsoever
 Person or Persons, of the Age of twenty
 eight Years or upwards, shall be found
 obstinately and maliciously to persist in a
 State of Celibacy, shall, from the Time
 he or they be lawfully convict, be deemed
 infamous, and accordingly, under Pain
 of

of perpetually scribbling for the aforeſaid
 E. C. Biographer, go dressed in the pro-
 per Habit of a Merry-andrew.

And it is further ordained, and enacted
by the Authority aforeſaid, That all and
 every Juſtice of Oyer and Determiner,
 or Juſtice of Affize, ſhall have full Power
 and Authority, in every of their open and
 general Sessions, to enquire, hear, and de-
 termine all, and all Manner of Offences,
 that ſhall be committed by any Husband
 or Husbands againſt his or their reſpective
 Wife or Wives; and upon Conviction, ac-
 cording to the Laws of the Realm aforeſaid,
 ſuch Husband or Husbands ſhall be con-
 demn'd to ſuffer the Penalty of a Skimming-
 ton or Riding, in Order to his or their better
 Edification; and that all and every Juſtice
 aforeſaid ſhall make Proceſs for the pub-
 lick Execution of the ſame, as they may
 do againſt any Perſon indicted before
 them of any other Treaſon, and lawfully
 convicted thereof.

*And be it further enacted by the Autho-
 rity aforeſaid,* That all and every Abp. or
 Bp. may at all Times at his Liberty and
 Pleaſure, join and aſſociate himſelf, by
 Virtue of this Act, to the ſaid Juſtices of
 Oyer and Determiner, or to the ſaid Juſti-
 ces of Affize, at every of the ſaid open
 and general Sessions, to be holden in any
 Place within his Dioceſe, for and to the
 Enquiry, Hearing and Determining the
 Offences aforeſaid, committed and done
 contrary to the true Meaning and Tenour
 of theſe Preſents.

Provided

Provided always nevertheless, and be it ordained and enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That all and singular the Peers of the Realm shall be tried by a Convention of the Peereffes.

Provided also, and be it enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That the Mayor and Aldermen of every Corporation in their Robes, and that in all Villages a strong Detachment of Justices, Constables and Watchmen, do attend the aforesaid publick Riding, to preserve the Peace; and that not above 4 pair of Horns, 3 Petticoats, and 2 Distaves be displayed by way of Banners.

And it is likewise ordained, That the Razzante used upon this Occasion, and which shall be bought at the Expence of the Parish, and have the Liberry of feeding in the Church yard, shall be unable to go above a Dog-trot; and that the respective Wife or Wives of the said Husband or Husbands be decently habited in her or their proper Mantles *de la Guerre*, and bear a Bull's Pizzle in their Hands by way of Battoon.

Provided also, and be it enacted, That no Person, that attends the Cavalcade, shall presume to carry above four rotten Eggs, and a Pint of Grains and S-r-v-nce, upon Pain of the Forfeiture of ten Shillings to the Poor of the Parish.

And it is hereby ordained and enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That the Lord Mayor of London, and all other Mayors, Bailiffs, and other Head Officers of all and singular Cities, Boroughs, and Towns
Corpo-

' Corporate within this Realm; *Wales*, and
 ' the Marches of the same, (to which Justi-
 ' ces of Assize do not commonly repair)
 ' shall have full Power and Authority, by
 ' Vertue of these Presents, to enquire, hear
 ' and determine the Offences abovesaid, and
 ' every of them, within twelve Days after
 ' the Feast of St. *Michael* the Archangel, in
 ' like Manner and Form as Justices of As-
 ' size, and Oyer and Determiner may do.'

But as in all likelihood such Act will ne-
 ver pass, therefore, Brethren *Batchelors*, if
 there should be any *Inamoretto* among us,
 whose Constitution is so very effeminate and
 perverse, as still, maugre all that has and
 can be said, to outweigh the Scale of his
 Reason, only let him take a Glass or two of
Spa Water, and ride with the Wind and
 Rain full in his Face for two Hours together,
 and if it cure him not, I'm mistaken; should
 it fail, let him e'en apply to Monsieur l'*Apo-*
thecaire for his Advice; ten to one but Phy-
 sick, Phlebotomy and Water-gruel will af-
 ford Relief in any given Case; but if you
 should still, contrary to Expectation, miss
 of Success,

Tye one End of a Rope fast over a Beam,
 And make a slip Noose at the other Extream;
 Then just underneath let a Cricket be set,
 On which let the Lover most manfully get:
 Then over his Head let the Snecket be got,
 And under the Ear be well settled the Knot;

L

The

*The Cricket kick'd down, let him take a fair
Swing,
And leave all the rest to the Work of the
String.*

Magazine for June, 1733.

And if this be not *Remedium efficax* & *universum*, I'll be bound to suffer whatever your Worships shall think fit to impose upon me for a Quack.

Before I conclude, Gentlemen, I would crave Leave to recommend it, as a proper Penalty to be inflicted on the Virgins and unmarried Ladies abovementioned, with their Accomplices, (for they are to be esteemed Principals also by the Law) who, not having the Fear of the Batchelors before their Eyes, nor respecting our Right Worshipful Order, but, moved and seduced by no body knows what strange Instigation, save themselves, have wickedly and maliciously (I can't add indeed feloniously) offended against the said Order, by alledging certain Articles of Impeachment against the said Batchelors (as will more fully appear from the Content of the said Articles, Relation thereto being had) to the no small Disturbance of the Peace of, and to the great Injury of the Fraternity, that they the said Ladies be confined to the hindmost Seats in Churches, Playhouses, and all other Places of publick Resort for the Space of seven Years next ensuing, and that the Sextons and Door-keepers of the said Churches, Playhouses, &c. be bound to the punctual Execution of this their Commission, on
pain

pain of the Forfeiture of the Sum of ten Shillings of good and lawful Money of Great Britain for their first Offence, and proportionably for the second, third, &c. which said Money shall be applied towards discharging the national Debt.

And because in all likelihood there will still remain Part of the said Debt unsatisfied, what if a further Collection was made by a Tax on divers effeminate Persons, commonly called Beaux, cloathed in laced Coats, or wearing Wastecoats embroidered with Gold and Silver, as also Tissues, Silver or Gold Stuffs? who are daily seen passing and re-passing through sundry the Streets of this City, and at every publick Place, and on Sundays at Churches more particularly, to the no small Amazement and Diversion of the Spectators, and oftentimes to the great Interruption of the spiritual Guide. And the Officers, who shall be impowered to levy the said Tax (upon Refusal of Payment, or if the *Petit Maitres* shall be found without Money in their Pockets, as may oft-times be the Case) be authorised also to cut away the Lace tacked to such Coat or Wastecoat, &c. &c. and for the said Purpose be commissioned to wear a Pair of Scissars, without the least Imputation of working at the Calling of a Taylor or Seamstress, or being nick-named upon this Occasion; and that if any Taylor, Milliner or Seamstress presume to interrupt them in the Execution of their said Office, that then it shall and may be lawful for the said Officer to indict the said Taylor, Milliner or Seamstress at the next Sessions;

Sessions ; and a proper pecuniary Mult should be considered of in the interim, to be inflicted on them for the Misdemeanour, and proportionably for the second, third, fourth, or fifth Offence, &c. to be applied to the Use aforesaid.

I would likewise recommend it to the serious Consideration of the Publick, whether a Tax might not be also laid on all Heads of Canes exceeding such a reasonable and determined size ; and likewise on the Swords of the said *Petit Maitres*, if they be found not glewed up in the Scabbards ; for what Use can there possibly be for them, except it be indeed to open Oysters ? which, in my humble Opinion, is of no great signification.

It may possibly be enquired, Why I, an old, nasty, bandy-legg'd Exciseman, a Creature who looks like the D——l in Day-light, as the Saying is, should set up for a *Censor Morum* ? What a wild, extravagant, profane scheme is it for such an one to proscribe Vice and Corruption ! The common Frenzy of self-conceit, the Expectation of raising his Credit by shewing his Talent at Ill-nature, Insolence, Malice, Envy, Calumny, Ribaldry, Banter, Pun, Ridicule, &c. &c. tempted him doubtless to publish his awkward Composition ; an idle Pretence indeed to talk of being stifled and oppressed with the Impieties of a debauched and profligate Age ! — His rotten and putrid Jest is a Proof of it.

I answer ; Would we draw the D——l as he ought to be, we must do it in black Colours,

Colours, with sawcer Eyes, a long Tail and cloven Foot, &c. &c. There is no discovering a pimple without pulling off the patch. If my Reader can spend an Hour not disagreeably in perusing these sheets, and I have but so far burlesqued the modern pretty Tenets, as in any measure to induce an Imitation of primitive Virtue and prudence, and divert the Humour of ridiculing whatever has a Tendency to make Men religious, I shall think my pains well bestowed; if not, I am not the first, and in all likelihood, shall not be the last person in the World, that has writ a pamphlet to no purpose; and my Readers are at full Liberty to commit it to the Flames.

And now, wishing you all Health, brisk spirits, flowing Humour, and the genial Influence of your propitious stars, I shall beg Leave to conclude myself, *sans Formalité*,

Your Worships sincere Well-wisher,

and most Devoted, Humble Servant,

RALPH NAB, Supervisor of his Majesty's Office of Excise in Sb—b—y.

The

*The Pleasures of a SINGLE LIFE, or
The Miseries of MATRIMONY:*

Occasionally writ upon the many Divorces
granted by the Parliament, *Anno 1705.*

WEDLOCK! Thou most uncomfortable
State,

Cause of my Woes, and Object of my Hate,
How blest was I! Ah, once how happy me,
When I from thy uneasy Bonds was free!
How calm my Joys! How peaceful was my Breast,
Till with thy clogging, fatal Cares oppress'd!
The World seem'd Paradise; so blest the Soil
Wherein I liv'd, that Bus'ness was no Toil.
Thus Heav'n first launch'd me into pacifick Seas,
Where, free from Storms, I mov'd with gentle
Breeze;

My Sails proportion'd, and my Vessel tight,
Coasting in Pleasure's Bay, I steer'd aright,
Ballast'd with true Content, and freighted with
Delight.

Books my Companions were, wherein I found
Needful Advice, without a noisy Sound;
And was, with friendly, pleasing Silence, taught
Wisdom's best Rules, to fructify my Thought:
Rais'd up our sage Forefathers from the Dead,
And, when I pleas'd, invok'd them to my Aid,
Who at my Study Bar without a Fee would plead,
Whilst I Chief Justice sat, heard all their Suits,
And gave my Judgment on their learn'd Disputes;
Strove to determine ev'ry Cause aright,
And, for my Pains, found Profit and Delight.

